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PUNISHMENT AND PAIN, MERCY'S WORK.

Original.

'Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for thou renderest to every man according to his work.'—PSALM lxii. 12.

ALL human affairs are interwoven with change. The seeds of mortality are sown deep in our nature, and all beings are gradually ripening for the silent grave. In this war there is no discharge. High and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young, are borne down the stream of life, and sooner or later, must be emptied into the ocean of eternity. The seasons roll in succession. The flowers of spring fade; the glories of summer pass away; the autumnal winds howl their sad requiem over the desolated fields; the sear leaf flutters in the breeze, and winter shuts the varied scene! Streams hasten to the ocean, are exhaled and carried back to their fountain head, and never rest in their course. The sun rises with beauty and glory in the east, and sets with majesty and grandeur in the west, and brings on earth alternate night and day. The morning cloud comes over us with a beauty not of earth, passes from our view, and leaves us to contemplate its faded glories. 'All, all on earth, is change! How solid all where change shall be no more!'

In this transitory state, and while it lasts, a state of ceaseless change, we feel the need of some protecting power to sustain our lives, provide for our wants, and administer to our enjoyments. We are frail, helpless beings, and hence we need some kind arm to sustain us. We are short-sighted and ignorant, and need some wise being to govern and direct us. We are mortal, and need the energy of some eternal being to hold us in existence, and crown us with glory. In every sense of the word, we are dependent for existence and all its attendant enjoyments.

In view of these facts, we cannot but feel and realize that there is a power above us—a Being of beings, who framed these brilliant heavens with all their worlds and swarming millions of creatures, and whose providential care extends to all. Though this existence is interwoven with imperfection, sin and pain—though our cup is mingled with sorrow, grief, and all the varied woes that checker, or darken our path of mortal life, yet this melancholy state of things does not militate against the infinite goodness, benevolence, and mercy of our Creator, but on the contrary, is the strongest proof of the existence of these divine attributes and perfections, as we shall presently show, when we come to reason this point.

We cannot foresee the future, even in this life, much less can we discover or comprehend those amazing realities that border upon the future world, and which shall be disclosed to us in eternity. But enough is revealed to throw the light of truth and righteousness on his character, and vindicate the administration of his government over the world.

Perfect happiness is not the lot of mortals. We see the rich oppress the poor, and the powerful menace the defenceless. We see our dearest friends wasting under the hand of disease, racked with pain, and sinking in death. We see man contending with man, on fields of war, drenching the earth in human blood, and thousands of wounded, parched with thirst, racked with pain, and dying unnoticed, unpitied, and unattended by a single relative or even friend, to administer relief, or consolation, or to shed the tear of regret in fond memory over their clay cold bodies. We see, too, the ocean reddened with human gore, and its deep, dark bottom, paved with human bones. We see thousands dragging out their existence on some lonely wreck, viewing themselves doomed to be food for the monsters of the deep. We see the victim of unrequited love, pining away in secret concealed grief. We see the lonely orphan suffering cold, and nakedness, and die unknown and unpitied by the world. We see thousands groaning in slavery and oppression, in chains, in prisons, and dungeons, and racked upon wheels and engines of torture in inquisitions, and pleading for human mercy, unheard, or unheeded. We see mangled limbs, and broken frames. We see those, whose morning sky of life shone fair with prosperity, hope and affection, suddenly distressed, and their dearest prospects withered, blighted, and darkened forever. We see parents parting with their children, and children with their parents, in the bitterness of grief. We see husbands and wives, leaning over the tombstones of their fallen companions, mourning their untimely fate, and watering their ashes with their tears. We see the suffering mother press her starving children to her bosom, where famine rages. We see human misery in all its forms, and this world rendered a vale of tears, and are ready to exclaim, Why are these things so? why does a righteous and merciful God suffer this dark state of things to exist under his government? For the present we answer in the language of scripture, 'These light afflictions which last but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'—Again,—

We see sin, and crime, and all their kindred mental woes, flood the world, and darken the moral heavens. We see mankind suffer anguish of soul, remorse and guilt, inquietude and distress; and are also ready to inquire, Why are these things so? We for the present answer in the language of our text. For 'also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, for thou renderest to every man according to his works.'

We now come to show the consistency why sin

and its punishment, and all the pains and afflictions of life, and even death, were necessary to our present existence; and we will also show that they are consistent with the mercy of God.

It is an established maxim, yes, an incontrovertible truth, which all human experience justifies, that all the knowledge we obtain is by comparison. Had pain never had an existence in our world, we could never have been made sensible of pleasure. Had there been no misery, we could not have been sensible of happiness. Had there been no sin, we never could have known righteousness, and had there been no death, we never could have realized the value of life; because we come to the knowledge of all these things by comparison. Whoever improves, owes that improvement to the faculty of comparing ideas and things. God does not improve, and consequently never did learn any thing. His knowledge is intuitive. Hence it is impossible that he should experience any of these opposites. From these facts it follows that no finite beings have ever been created immortal. What we call angels, have therefore existed in some world in flesh and blood, died and rose to an immortal existence. God has but one mode of introducing creatures into being; and that is through flesh and blood. In evidence of this position, we perceive that he has stationed around us countless millions of worlds as so many introductory theatres to a high state of being. These are doubtless peopled with myriads of inhabitants. And it will be recollected that God has never revealed to us that he ever created an angel immortal. The bible is utterly silent on this subject. If then it is not in the nature of God to bring creatures into existence any other way only through the medium of flesh and blood then his mercy and goodness are most strikingly illustrated in the fiat of his creating energy, even if this existence were one of incessant pain. For what is a few years of suffering, compared with unending happiness in a future world? Infinitely less than the drop to an ocean. We call that father merciful who uses the rod to reclaim his child. Yes, we call that father merciful, who has the limb of his child amputated to save his life a few years in this world. And as that father in using the rod or in amputating the limb had a good end in view, so God in punishing his creatures, or in visiting upon them afflictions, aims at their highest happiness and glorification. And not one pang either of affliction or punishment shall ever be experienced by the human race, but what is tempered in the fountains of mercy, and shall redound to their highest bliss. Hence, all our repining at our lot, our murmuring against God, and our unreconciliation to his will, originate in our ignorance of his immense plans in the government of the world. Hence, mercy belongs to God, because he renders to every man according to his work.

If God had created man no higher in knowledge than the beasts of the field, then he could not have felt happiness for doing right—for practising virtue, any more than the brutes. They feel no happiness for doing right, and no guilt for doing wrong; because they are not sufficiently high in the scale of being to comprehend the difference. It is then evident that man could not have been created with a capacity to know virtue and feel its enjoyments, without at the same time knowing its opposite evil and feeling its miseries; because the same faculty that comprehends good, must at the same time comprehend its opposite evil; for all knowledge is obtained by comparison. It was therefore mercy and goodness in the Creator that induced him to make man, and give him a law to bring him to the knowledge of good and evil. Having obtained this knowledge, our first parent felt miserable in sin, and happy in the practice of goodness, and was thus by degrees, as his experience advanced, introduced into human life, in all its opposite joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, in all its blended lights and shades. Had he lived forever in this condition he never could have known perfect happiness. It was therefore mercy in God to introduce death to dissolve a body of sin and imperfection, and introduce man into an existence of purity and bliss, so that he might forever enjoy the pleasures of righteousness by comparing it with sin in this momentary being. Hence it follows that the whole immense plan of the Almighty is tempered in mercy, and exactly fitted to exalt our happiness in a future world. Taking the whole unbounded government of the Creator into consideration, there is no more suffering in existence than there should be. He governs the world; he rules the heavens; he does his will and pleasure in the armies above, and among the inhabitants of earth, and none can stay his hand.

Our duty and happiness consist in acquainting ourselves with God, with his government, and with ourselves. It consists in a filial reconciliation to his will, and in doing good to those who stand in need of our assistance—in being followers of God as dear children.

It is a reconciliation which consists in drinking deep into the spirit of Jesus Christ, and acting in concert with Deity in doing good to all men as we have opportunity. This is true religion, true worshipping of that God, who is a spirit, in spirit and in truth.

We now come more particularly to notice why rendering to every man according to his work is an act of mercy in our Creator. It is certainly an act of mercy and compassion that man should be miserable in the commission of sin. If his nature were so constituted that sin communicated enjoyment and delight to his conscience, then the grossest cruelties, murders, robberies, and abuses, would be committed merely for the pleasure, without any other temptation; and the world would become emptied of its inhabitants. In order that man should avoid abusing his fellow creatures it is absolutely necessary that he should experience guilt and misery in the commission of sin. It is therefore an act of mercy that the Supreme Being has given us a constitution of nature that every man should feel the power of guilt and condemnation in his own understanding when he violates the principles of rectitude as a just punishment for his sins. And thus rendering to every man according to his work, is a bright act of the supreme mercy of God to the sinner. 'Unto thee also, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for thou renderest to every man according to his work.'

Again. That it is an act of mercy in God to bring punishment and affliction upon man, is not only for his own and the interests of his fellow men on earth, by exercising his hopes and fears, and keeping him in his proper sphere of action, duty and employment, but it is also at the same time calculated, as we have already noticed, for his happiness in the world to come.

In order that you may clearly and forcibly see the bearing of the argument now to be offered, we will in the first place state an opposite case.

Suppose it to be true, as many believe, that there is a fallen angel, a personal cruel and malignant devil. Suppose he should possess the power to create a world of rational beings, designing them for the most perfect and enduring torments in the world to come—what, I ask, would be the most successful method to pursue in regard to their present existence to insure his malignant purpose in regard to their final doom?

What would he bestow on them HERE in order to aggravate their misery HEREAFTER? He would of course bestow on them many enjoyments—would suffer them to drink deep in the fountain of happiness, and roll in earthly delights. And having tasted the cup of pure bliss, and known what it was to enjoy, he would then have torn them from those solid pleasures, and fond delights, and consigned them to excruciating pains.

These pains would be greatly aggravated in contrasting them with all they once enjoyed. They would be unspeakably more miserable than if they had never tasted of the cup of happiness. This we all perceive would be the greatest evidence we could abtain of the diabolical wickedness and infernal cruelty of satan.

In order then to produce the greatest amount of happiness in the world to come, and to make that felicity perfect and glorious to a universe of intelligent beings, is it not perfectly natural to suppose that a God of infinite goodness, wisdom, and mercy, would create them in such a manner as to subject them to a state of vanity, imperfection, sin and pain, even the pain of death? and from the disciplinary state of being, introduce them into his presence, where is fulness of joy; and at his right hand, where are pleasures forevermore? This is certainly not only reasonable, but what we should naturally conclude infinite goodness and compassion would do; and that this is the uniform teaching of the sacred scriptures will not be denied; for these light afflictions which last but for a moment shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. 'To thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, for thou renderest to every man according to his work.' 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless after it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.' The punishments as well as the afflictions of men, are therefore in perfect accordance with the mercy of God. The great plan of mediatorial grace and redemption, shall be brought to a close to the admiration of angels, the satisfaction and joy of ransomed millions, and the glory of God. Every pang of parting friendship and affection shall be turned into joy, and it shall be seen and understood how it touched some spring in his immense plan that propitiously affected the great whole. Having thus far hamonized my text with reason and revelation, I would now observe that it absolutely proves the doctrine of universal grace and salvation.

If mercy belongs to God because he renders to every man according to his work, then it is impossible that endless woe should be rendered to him for his work; for no mercy belongs to that sentiment. Hence no other sentiment can be adduced from our text, but the final well being and glorification of the human race. Like a kind and indulgent parent, God renders all punishment and all afflictions as a means to some end in the great plan of our redemption. There can be no mercy in endless torment, neither is such a punishment pretended to be rendered in mercy. All denominations acknowledge that it is beyond the reach of mercy where hope never comes. Consequently rendering to every man according to his works, is so far from involving endless misery, that it is a punishment in the rendering of which, our text declares mercy belongs to God.

This sentiment is in accordance with the word of God, with the voice of nature, with all human experience and observation, and with the immutable character, and adorable perfections of God. It is in perfect harmony with parental feeling, and with all that heaven has impressed upon the heart of justice and goodness. In fine, it is in accordance with the voice of God, heard through his realm. And not only so, but it is in harmony with the soft feelings and impressions of Jesus Christ; with his heavenly example and his dying love.

It is therefore a duty solemnly devolving upon us to follow Christ as our example. Like him to be reconciled to the dealings of God, however dark they may appear to us short-sighted mortals, fully confiding in his own ruling providence, and believing that all will issue well. He who notices the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our head, cannot for one moment be unmindful of the dearest interests of his creatures. We have therefore to rejoice under his government, confide in his mercy, and to be resigned to his holy will. But resignation does not consist in a tearless eye, a stoic apathy, and an unfeeling heart. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, he heaved the righteous groan of distress at the dark and silent tomb of the dead. Resignation consists in the deep affections of the full and bleeding heart, which at the same time confides in, and bows to righteous heaven, and without a murmuring or complaining word breathes out, 'not my will, but thine, O God be done!'

Notwithstanding all the punishments, afflictions and bereavements of earth—though the heavens are waxing old and fading—though the universe is groaning in the bonds of corruption, fainting and reeling to the silent grave, yet in view of our text, all things embraced in the government of God must work together for good. Yes, we are that exalted race of beings who are destined to survive the changes of earth, and the mouldering ruins of the tomb.

Through the will of God, revealed to us by Jesus Christ, we shall surmount all perishable objects and these evanescent scenes, and shout the victory over death sin and the grave.

O, ever-transporting, triumphant, and immortal thought! to meet our children, friends and acquaintances, beyond the possibility of change, and unite with them in those fond pleasures, pleasing associations, and unmingled delights, which are permanent in their nature, and unbounded and lasting in duration. There our bosoms shall have their full, overflowing, and immortal impressions; there strong silken affections shall be awakened into being by the immortal breath of God, and burn, UNCEASINGLY BURN on the sanctified altar of the heart. Every channel of the soul will be opened to the parent fountain of being, and filled with rolling floods of extatic and unending delight. The parent's fondest wish shall be realized, and love and friendship reign unbroken and perpetual. True, we must die—must heave the final groan, and close our eyes on these transient yet lovely scenes. And this solemn hour is at hand! soon farewell earth, death and pain. The light of eternity shall break. Fear not. We shall meet again in heaven. 'Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

THE NIGHT SCENE.

MATT. xiv. 24—32.

Original.

IT was a dreadful hour:
The raging winds roared with dismal horror:
And as they swept through glens and caverns deep,
Uttered dolorous sounds, presaging ruin.
The forests bowed to elemental force,
And the magnificent works of nature
And of art, the monuments of genius
And of wisdom, in scattered fragments lay—
The sad spectacle of desolation's
Fatal deeds, when bent on direful mischief:
The howling tempest rushed out on the sea—
Dense, dark clouds surcharged with fires electric,
The heaven's cerulean vault obscured—
Loud peals of thunder broke upon the ear
In deafening sounds that seemed to shake the earth
To its centre, and rend the very heavens
With the discharge of its artillery:
The sea's tumultuous waves heaved aloft
From their briny bed of slumbering stillness,
In awful and sublime magnificence;
And the white foam dashing before the gale,
Spoke the madness of its undulations:
The seabird screamed, and hurried through the air,
Like the arrow shot from the huntsman's bow,
As if conscious of approaching danger;
And the pall of night enshrouding the world
In darksome gloom, rendered the startling scene
More wild and terrible——

What an alarming perilous moment,
To be out on the wide abyss, exposed
To the merciless freaks of ocean's caprice
As she heaves in throes of deep convulsions:
Yet, mid this strife—this war of elements,
The Lord's disciples toss in light shallops
And for their lives their strength and skill employ;
Now rides the fragile bark on mountain wave,
And rocks, and reels and beats against the storm;
Now leaps, descends, and at its base appears,
Threat'ning to plunge beneath the coming swell.
Again she dashes through the sparkling surge,
Like furious war-horse mid clash of arms;
And bearing up the little, gallant crew,
The firm attacks of tempest boldly braves;
The red lightning scathes, and the riven masts,
With sails in fragments rent, are borne away—
The hull alone remains to further feel
The angry lash of ocean's vengeful ire.
Death stares—destruction threats on ev'ry side
With opened jaws—resistance seems in vain:
Fluttering on her pinions, the angel Hope,
Waves her flag in tokens of departure:
Dismay settles on each anxious brow;
And fate uncertain fills the heart with dread.

Alarmed they stand with trembling fearful awe;
When lo! developed by electric flash,
A spectre moves along o'er troubled sea,
As though it fain would near them. Of human
Form it seems; but light as air the surface
Treads; nor sinks, nor yields to boisterous gale.
Desperation preys—In wild affright they cry,
'A spirit comes—the furies of the deep
Are loosened to destroy—we their victims
Fall: alas! there's none to save; and now we die.'
But hark! what voice is that the ear salutes
And with inspiring accents whispers peace—
That speaks in tones familiar, and exclaims,
'Be of good cheer 't is I—be not afraid!'
Ah! their master comes to grant relief, when most
They need his aid, and drives their fears away.
With joyous transport they his presence hail
And fain would rush to meet him. Peter even
Dares the deed: anxious to embrace his Lord;
And quick would perish, but the proffered hand
Upholds, and from devouring floods restores.

A change comes o'er the scene--the clouds disperse;
The winds cease their roaring—the sea is hushed—
The heavens are lighted up in a glow---
The pale moon shines out on the blue waters---
A deathlike silence reigns. Never did nature
Appear more beautiful---and in contrast
With the scene so late beheld, its loveliness
Looks the more lovely, the more enchanting---
The mandate was issued, and heaven and earth,
And sea, smile luxuriant, in all their
Wonted richness, grace and glory. And the becalmed
Mariners wend their way in joyous mirth
To the haven of their destination.

So when the angry passions rise; and the mind
Is loosened from her moorings in virtue's
Anchorage, to toss on the seas of vice---
When lawless appetence threatens ruin,
And carnal pleasures are the soul's desire---
When envy, slander, malice, pride, and hate,
In madness rage and throw their arrows, dipt
In gall, the social peace of man to wound--

When strife, confusion, tumult, all conspire
To plunge in pain and woe; Messiah speaks;
The storm is hushed; and all is halcyon PEACE.

Perry, N. Y. L. L. S.

THE MISER.

Original.

I WAS passing a street in the town of B——, when a poor wasted object stopped me a moment to ask alms. He was a very old man; his countenance was haggard; his long gray locks were stirred by the chill air; and his dress was mean and threadbare. I was affected by the wretchedness of his appearance, and put my hand in my pocket for the purpose of offering him a small sum of money, when I felt some person's hand laid on my arm. I turned to see who had thus prevented me from bestowing charity, when the prepossessing countenance of an elegant young stranger excited my interest. 'You may save your money,' said he, 'for better purposes. The man before you is possessed of immense wealth, while his daughter is literally in want of necessary food. He imposes on every stranger whom he meets with a forged tale of his poverty, and adds the pittance thus extorted to his overflowing coffers.' I, at first, hardly knew how to credit this story, for the meagre countenance of the old man, his whining tone, and great age, seemed to stamp him with the marks of genuine poverty. But there was an air of candor in the young man which I could not long resist. 'I perceive,' said he, 'that you wonder at what I have said. But this evening, if you are at leisure, I will conduct you to the house of this old man, who seems to have made so much impression on your sensibilities, and, if I do not much mistake, I shall make a convert of you.' I willingly assented to the youth's proposal, and we agreed upon a place of meeting. In the evening, I was punctual to my appointment. We walked to one of the back streets of the town, and soon came to a building which deserved more the name of a shed than a dwelling house. The youth led me through a dirty alley to one of the back windows, through which we could see the identical old alms-gatherer, sitting at a pine table and counting out large heaps of golden and silver coin which were piled around him. I must own that my indignation was considerably roused at this sight. I always disliked to be imposed upon, in any case; but the thought of being so palpably and villainously abused by this wretch, was hardly endurable. I, whose utmost endeavors had never afforded me more than a slender maintenance—that I should have my necessary pittance extracted from me by a perfidious miser, seemed almost intolerable.

My guide then proposed that we should enter the wretched abode, but prepared me beforehand for an uncourteous reception. We rapped several times before the slave of gold came and opened the door a little ways, to inquire who were there. My companion replied that we were friends who had come for the purpose of telling him where some buried money had been lately discovered by us, and that we wanted his advice about the time and manner proper to obtain it. The door was immediately opened, and we were ushered into an apartment, about six feet square, containing a rough caken stool, a broken pitcher, and half of a candle, which was placed in a block of wood, in lieu of a candlestick. 'You seem to be quite poor, my friend,' said I. 'Yes,' said he, with a groan, 'the times are very hard, and as I am too old to work, I subsist on the charity of my friends, and he looked very hard at my pockets, to see how his hint prospered. My companion and I exchanged a covert smile, but we had not time to make any further remark, before he observed, that his half candle had already burned an inch since we entered the house, and he was in haste to extinguish it; so that he would thank us to proceed immediately to business.

'Before doing so,' said my companion, 'I would ask you if you have heard of the great robbery. The bank was entered last night, and a great quantity of golden and silver coin was subtracted from the vaults. The officers are going to commence a regular search to-morrow in the houses in this neighborhood, and as the inhabitants are all known to be poor, should any quantity of money be found in their dwellings, it will be considered sufficient proof of their guilt.' The old man nestled considerably at this announcement, and looked very sharply at us, as if mistrusting the drift of our discourse. He, at length, called Heaven to witness that he was the poorest man in town, and that he feared he should be deserted in his old age, and permitted to suffer all the deprivations incident on forsaken helplessness. I endeavored to soothe him by telling him that I had understood he had a daughter who was very amiable, and who would, no doubt, be willing to work hard to support her poor old poverty-stricken parent. 'Because,' said I, 'there is no doubt that if you were wealthy, you would abundantly supply her wants.' The old man again requested us to expedite our business as the second inch of his candle was rapidly melting away. 'Yes,' said I, 'it reminds me of the wasting of human life. With you there is not much more than the blackened and glimmering wick in the socket. This world will soon be to you as a thing of yesterday. I suppose you will go hence with the comfortable conviction that, throughout your long pilgrimage, you have always done your duty.'

'The money!' cried he, clenching his hand, and striving to drown my voice, 'Tell me where the money is buried! I cannot waste my light in idle talk.'

I was surprised to see this old man, lingering on the verge of the grave, whose still trembling fingers seemed just to grasp the thread of life a moment, ere he dropped into eternity, clinging with such tenacity to the lucre, for which he had sacrificed every thing that is generous and praiseworthy in our nature. My companion now proceeded to answer the miser's question. 'You ask me,' he said, 'where the money is buried, of which I told you. I will now inform you. It is underneath your floor, in the next apartment. It is there hoarded up in useless profusion, while your daughter—nay, yourself are suffering for the common necessaries of life.'

'What!' cried the miser, starting on his feet, and

edging towards the door of the room in which his treasure was stored, do you mean to rob me!'

'No,' replied the youth, 'but I will tell you of a robber that is lurking about these premises who will soon deprive you of the whole. His name is DEATH.' We then took our departure. In a few weeks afterwards, this wretched and unworthy being was gathered to his fathers. His immense wealth went to his daughter, who put it to such purposes as Heaven intended it for—the good of her fellow creatures.

U.

CHRIST'S LOVE.

Original.

'Then Jesus beholding him loved him.'—MATT. x. 21.

JESUS beheld, and loved this youth,
Who kneeling, begged to know the truth—
The heavenly way of life and light
Which Jesus taught with power and might.

Though he had wealth, and left not all
To follow at the Savior's call—
Though filled with grief he soon withdrew—
Jesus beheld, and loved him too.

Is the Divine Instructor's love,
Like morning dew, or clouds above!
Will it like these, soon pass away,
Or change to hatred, in a day?

When man has passed life's rugged main,
And reached the high celestial plain,
Will not Christ look on him again,
And while beholding, love him then?

Yes; and that God whose work we are
Will still extend his fostering care;
He is all love, his holy way
Will be the same through endless day.

Lynn, 1835. JANE.

THE CRITIC.

Original.

PHILEMON HAWKSEYE took great satisfaction in espying out the faults and weaknesses of others. This unprofitable employment so engrossed his time, that he had no leisure to correct his own vices and errors. When Philemon went to meeting, he did not go thither to worship God, nor to be benefited by the sermon; but to detect the faults in the preacher's discourse, the defects in his person, and the discords in the singing. If he went to a political meeting, he went not as a patriot, to attend to discussions calculated to elucidate the true interests of the country; but he went, in order that, on his return, he might be able to criticise the voice of one speaker, the character of another, the countenance of a third, and the dress of a fourth. If he read a book, the general character of which was highly favorable to sound morality and exalted piety, he would find fault with the binding, or some other trifling defect; or he would tell some slanderous anecdote, in order to throw contempt upon the author. As the crow fattens on carrion, so did he gloat on the faults of his fellow creatures. With their virtues he had nothing to do, unless it was to spread a veil over them. A young man came to the town in which he lived, in order to open a school. Philemon was introduced to him, and the two men held a conversation together. 'I do not think,' said Philemon to a neighbor who had intended to send his children to the school, 'that your new master possesses much knowledge. He does not talk like a learned man. He uses very simple words, and does not always place them grammatically!' Now, it so happened, that the young tutor was a man of excellent parts, and liberal education; but, because in common, familiar discourse, he spoke carelessly, and in ordinary language, the sagacious critic at once pronounced him a novice. Malicious as was this conduct on the part of Philemon, it was applauded by many weak parents, and the teacher was obliged to leave town for want of support. On another occasion a poor market man had brought a load of watermelons to town. Philemon saw the farmer plug one of them, the core of which was white. He at once began to circulate a report that the melons were not ripe, and the poor man was obliged to carry home his load of excellent melons again, while but for the officious critic, he would have sold the whole in one hour. By such means as these, Philemon was continually misleading individuals, and injuring the fair prospects of honest men. He wished to be thought very wise, very observing, and very acute; whereas he only looked upon the surface of things, and, consequently, always judged wrong. Had he looked deeper, even into his own breast, he would have perceived that he was, himself, a silly, mischief-making upstart. But he cared not how much others suffered in their prospects and property through his means; as he was, himself, well provided. He had an aged and doting uncle whom he had never seen, but who used to send him an abundance of pocket money, and who intended to make Philemon his heir when he died. Philemon's parents were not rich, and they had several children, so that he could not expect any thing from them. But this old uncle had formed a good opinion of Philemon, without seeing him, and Philemon knew that the old man, who was very rich, had made his will in his favor. Therefore, feeling himself independent of the opinions of the world, and caring for nobody's patronage, he amused himself by hurting the feelings, and blasting the hopes of his fellow creatures. This was certainly so unamiable a trait, that he was not calculated to gain the friendship of any one; but he had many flatterers, who were desirous of guining his good opinion, and his good will, because they knew he was to be heir to Peter Jones's large possessions. There were several young men who cultivated an acquaintance with Philemon, from selfish motives, and who thought it politic to join with him in criticising and ridiculing the defects, or supposed defects, of others. It was on a Sunday afternoon, that Philemon and his companions took a ride into the country. They first met an old farmer in a wagon. They laughed at his hors-

es, because their ears, tail, and fetlocks had not been trimmed. The old man passed on without saying a word, but he blushed for the characters of young men, by whom age was not treated with common respect. Then came a traveller. They laughed at his rough cane, and his threadbare coat. The simple ejaculation of 'Fools!' was all that he uttered. Thus did they bestow their unasked attention upon every person, and every vehicle that passed them. After spending a couple of hours in rambling about, and finding fault with all they saw, they turned their horses' heads towards the town. The clouds suddenly assumed a portentous aspect. The wind came in gusts from the hills, and the dust bedimmed the face of nature. The youths drove up to a splendid hotel, and all alighted. They entered the withdrawing room, where they saw a plainly dressed old gentleman, sitting before a fire and smoking a pipe.

'Ha! neighbor,' said Philemon, 'you have got the start of us.'

'Yes, yes,' said the old gentleman, moving aside to give the young men a chance at the fire, 'I drove up here about ten minutes ago. I thought it looked like rain, and I concluded to stop and wait the issue!'

'So it seems,' said Philemon, 'you are fond of smoking, I presume, by the long puffs which you take and by the blackness of your pipe. Pho! I vow it almost makes me sick!'

'If smoking is offensive to you, gentlemen,' said the traveller very politely, 'I will put away my pipe!'

'Yes, very offensive!' cried they all in a breath, encouraged by the mild forbearance of the aged man. 'Yet there is one thing that we like to smoke sometimes.'

The stranger perceived there was mischief in their discourse, and made no reply.

The young men sat awhile winking to each other, until Philemon wishing to show his smartness, turned to the aged man and said,

'Pray sir, are you a married man?' The stranger replied that he had never had a wife.

'So I thought,' said Philemon, 'by the complexion of your shirt collar.'

Astonished beyond measure at the uncalled-for, ill-timed, and exceedingly rude insults of the young man, the aged stranger turned partly round in his chair, and looked Philemon steadily and sternly in the face.

'Young man,' said he, 'I know not who you are, but I am sorry to say that your conduct reflects no honor upon those who had the charge of your education.'

'The old quiz is insolent!' roared the laughing youths, and Philemon, pulling off the old man's wig, and throwing it upon the floor, decamped with his shameless associates. The weather was now clear, and the youths rode off to town. After spending an hour with his companions, Philemon went home.

'Oh! brother Phil! brother Phil! who do you think has come?' cried Philemon's little sister, as the youth entered the hall door.' It is uncle Peter! He wants to see you very much. He has done nothing but talk of you since he first came. He has only been here half an hour.'

'Ay, is my boy arrived?' cried the voice of an old man, in the parlor, 'Come in my dear lad, come in, my heir—I want to see you.'

Philemon hastened to throw himself into the arms of his uncle which were outstretched to receive him. He rushed into the parlor—he ran towards the old man—when, as soon as their eyes met, as if mutually struck by a thunderbolt, they recoiled suddenly from each other's gaze, and stood apart like two cliffs which the lightning has rent asunder. The eyes of the youth were bent to the earth in shame. The uncle glared like a roused tiger. 'What! what! what upon earth is the matter?' cried Philemon's father. 'Nothing,' said the uncle, with his eyes still fixed on the youth—'only that I have a bill to present to this young man for damage done to my wig at the hotel, not an hour ago. You have another son, I believe, perhaps my smoking will not make HIM sick. He is my heir.'

O COME WITH ME, DEAR BROTHER.

Original.

BY REV. E. D. KENNICOTT.

'With me retire and leave the pomp of courts,
For humble cottages and rural sports.—VIRGIL.

O COME with me, dear brother, come,
From tumult, pomp, and care;
From kingly pride, and cloud-capt domes,
Whose tops invade the air;
Let 's go to some flower-scented rill,
Some rose-encircled bower;
And spend in peaceful solitude,
Each time-decaying hour.

O come with me, dear brother, come,
From yonder prancing train;
For death is in each bloody track,
They leave upon the plain;
And on each stormy brow is seen,
Incessant flames of wrath;
While streams of wo, and cries of grief
Arise along their path.

O come with me, dear brother, come,
From yonder ocean world;
Above whose sky-assaulting wave,
War's banner is unfurled:
For 'neath those water-spirits, low,
That tread upon the deep;
The titled sons of heroes brave,
In solemn silence sleep.

O come with me, dear brother, come,
From sin's carousing shade;
Come, let us seek a rural home,
Within some flowery glade;
Where the briar-rose blooms sweetly,
And white-cheeked lilies grow,
And red-birds build their hammock nests,
Come, brother, let us go.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Original.

HERE—over summer's wreck,
The glooomy tempest lowers;
There—are no falling leaves,
There—are no fading flowers.
If o'er life's stormy sea,
Thou hast been rudely driven,
Look up thou weary one!
There are no storms in Heaven.

Here—oft, our gayest hours,
Will hues of sadness borrow;
There—are no notes of grief;
There—are no tears of sorrow.
If to thy cup of life,
Grief hath its bitter given;
Peace to thy troubled soul!
Thou shalt find rest in Heaven.

Here—the deceiver smiles,
The broken-hearted languish;
There—shall be no deceit,
There—are no groans of anguish.
If ever thou hast sinned,
And prayed to be forgiven;
Joy to the penitent!
There is no sin in Heaven.

Here—the cold hand of death,
Our sweetest ties must sever;
There—we shall part no more—
There—all shall dwell forever.
If here thy heart has oft,
With earth's temptations striven,
It shall no more be tried,
There 's nought to tempt in Heaven.

Hartford, Ct. M. A. D.

THE GAMBLER.

Original.

HAVE you seen a man lingering about the doors of several public houses in town, who appears to have no particular business, to claim his attention? His dress is foppish, and he spends much money in riot and debauchery; yet does no one seem to know how he contrives to support himself. It is well known that he has no profession, and that he was not the heir to any considerable patrimony; yet he lacks nothing that this world can afford for the gratification of his appetites. His face is flushed, and his person is bloated. The widow's tears and the orphan's curse are his heritage; broken mechanics and ruined apprentices are his victims. Despair, poverty and suicide, follow in his train. The state prison, the jail and the house of correction are the dwelling places of his associates. His evil eye is fixed greedily upon every stranger and the unsophisticated are entangled in his wiles. Like insects, they are caught in the honey of his fair speeches; and the grasp of his hand is the bond of iniquity.

His shop is the gambling house, and his workbench is the gaming table. He has studied the mysteries of chance play, and he knows how to deceive the eyes of the most watchful, by his tricks of slight of hand. He will pick your pocket while he is smiling in your face, and empty your purse while he is filling your ears with adulation. He is polite to his victim—like the idolator who adorns the ox for sacrifice.

Turn your eyes to the opposite picture. Do you see that diseased wretch, hobbling into a little rum-shop, and begging the keeper of it to trust him with two cents' worth of gingerbread. How old should you take him to be? Sixty. You are mistaken, sir. He has not seen two score years. But care has chiselled those furrows on his cheeks; remorse has shivered his brow and dimmed his eye; want and imprisonment have frosted his thin locks; intemperance has palsied his limbs: and extravagance has clothed him in rags. I knew him when he was an enterprising young man, just commencing business. He was an only son, and his father had placed him in a promising condition. His customers let not the day-light shine in at his door. His money-drawer was piled like the drifting snow. Worth and talent bowed their heads to the thriving young tradesman, and wealth and station came on wheels to his door. Amongst the rest the gambler bowed and smiled. No friend was at his hand to put an extinguisher on the brightness of his countenance; no adviser to dash his honeyed words with bitter. The youth thought him a gentleman, and accepted his invitations to parties and friendly assemblies. By degrees he drew off his victim from his business, introduced him to profane acquaintance, and made merry with him over the bowl. The downfal of the young man was now certain. Naturally unsuspicious, the arts of the gambler were met half way by the trusting indifference of the ill fated youth. Although generous and open-hearted, the young tradesman at first, shrunk from the proposal to risk his property in games of hazard. But being once persuaded to take a considerable risk, the bottom of his purse was to all intents and purposes cut off. His whole fortune went in a few months. As a necessary consequence of dissipation, his worldly affairs were allowed to run to waste. Briars and sorrel, weeds and rank grass overgrew his fair prospects; his customers refused to purchase of him; his creditors hurried to his house, and the bleak winds of ruin howled around his habitation. He attempted suicide but failed in that. He benumbed his faculties with strong drink. He sought to drown his conscience in the intoxicating bowl. His most prosperous companions in vice shook him from their skirts, and rushed upon new victims. His hoary father clasped his hands and fled to the river side. He closed a long life beneath the billow. His agonized soul escaped from a world which no longer possessed a green spot on which he could rest his aching eyes. Then fell indeed the son. Foul and loathsome creatures wooed his acquaintance. The lovely girl to whom he was plighted sunk to an early tomb. He never held up his head afterwards. He groveled in the lowest abyss of infamy. Disease muddied the springs of life. His active limbs tottered. His eyes became red and swollen. Darkness shrouded his soul, and the beast

called him his fellow. The gambler, he who now riots on the wrested property of the fallen man, turns from him with contempt, as he meets him in the street. He loathes the poor houseless, homeless, friendless vagabond, because he, himself, is a gentleman! There is an aged widow who lives in yon yellow cottage on the hill. The cottage looks prettily at a distance; but were you to approach it, you would observe that one hinge is gone from the gate; the garden is neglected; the windows are stuffed with shreds and old papers. There is a stall for a cow, but the cow is not there. The roof needs repair, and the garden wall is broken down. He who attended to these things is gone. The cow has been sold to purchase food and raiment for the widow. She had a son—an affectionate and industrious youth. Every one remembers when he was hung for highway robbery, but he was robbed first by—the gambler. Yes, the same spruce gentleman whom I mentioned, cheated him out of his property, and the widow is left alone in her misery—to weep unseen, to sigh unheard, and die unlamented. When her son was executed, the gambler was amongst the spectators. He was one of the loudest in condemning the crime for which the youth suffered. You would have thought him a paragon of virtue! He used to visit the widow in her prosperity, but now he shuns her in the streets because her family has been disgraced! One more trophy I will present to your view. The sickly girl that you see hurrying along the street, shunning the eyes of all whom she encounters; whose clothes are threadbare, and whose brow is overclouded with shame and sorrow, was once the reigning toast. Every youth was happy at receiving a smile from her, every girl was proud of her acquaintance. The gambler won her heart, and under pretence of poverty, borrowed large sums of her. He says that he lost them at the gaming table. No one believes him, excepting the poor deluded maiden herself, who is now compelled to drudge for a living, and eat her sordid crust in a hovel that the winds of heaven visit at their pleasure. She still thinks that he will marry her. He thinks not so. His work of infamy is not yet completed. She will not awake from her dream until he has robbed her of a more costly jewel than she has yet squandered on her destroyer. The gambler is a great talker. He holds up his head at all popular assemblies. He talks on all subjects, and looks into every one's pocket. His aim is to enrich himself. The sufferings of those whom he ruins, are not permitted to disturb his complacency. He grasps the old man's living, and the young man's hope. He takes the maiden's portion and the orphan's heritage, without returning an equivalent. He smiles when others weep; he triumphs when his fellow mourns. If there is any one being wholly devoid of every good principle, who hath not one redeeming quality, and who is a curse upon the face of the earth, barren of all that makes vice endurable, it is the professed gambler.

Z.

The grave buries every error—extinguishes every resentment; and from its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MARY.

BY REV. C. HAMMOND.

Original.

'Frail as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.'—Homer.

Not sweeter does the rosy bloom,
In Summer's opening day;
Not brighter does the dew of morn
Shine on the leafy spray;
Than glowed the crimson on the cheek
Of Mary's smiling face;
Than showed the pearls upon her lips
Of loveliness and grace.

Not purer is the crystal stream
That murmurs through the vale;
Not whiter is th' unfallen snow
That lights upon the dale;
Than was affection's virtuous tear
That sparkled in her eye;
Than was her soul of innocence—
Her robes of charity.

But now the roses on her cheek
In loveliness arrayed,
Amid the bleaching frost of death,
In dreamless sleep are laid.
Those pearly lips are silent now,—
Those eyes are closed in night,—
That music-voice is raised no more,
In anthems of delight.

Though lifeless now her form is laid
Beneath the velvet sod,
Her spirit has in triumph sweet
Ascended to its God;
Where, 'mid the light of perfect bliss,
She lives to die no more,
And chant an endless song of praise,
On that immortal shore.

INFINITE LOVE.

Original.

The life of true religion, is love. As much as we fall short of possessing divine love, so far we are deficient of enjoying the fulness of the gospel of Christ. Love is supplied from an inexhaustible fountain, and there is a sufficiency for 'the whole world.' The world, to become christianized, must be first renovated by everlasting love. This is the main principle, and surely the most adequate means which can be used, to restore a world of sinners to the confidence in and adoration of God. In proof of this position, we have the declaration of scripture, 'God is love.' Hence, it is inferred, if God be love, then, without any question, love is infinite. Here is laid a sure foundation, which no man can demolish. As it regards the efficacy of religion on the heart, love is 'the chief corner stone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord.'

Love is the germ from whence all the other attributes of Deity proceed. The effects of love are mercy, truth, goodness, and wisdom. The wisdom of God has made use of the most proper means to communicate divine knowledge to the inhabitants of the earth, as a good and gracious Creator wills, to teach them whence they came, how they are supported, whither they are going, and for what end they were formed. As love and wisdom go hand in hand, the result must be good, and be extended to all parts of the intelligent creation, as much as they are diffused throughout the abodes of heaven, where happiness reigns with uninterrupted joy. Here, we shall behold all the attributes of Deity acting simultaneously, and in full accordance with each; viz: justice requires wisdom, wisdom requires power, power requires truth, truth requires goodness, goodness requires mercy, and mercy requires love; all these combined together, make the Great Eternal 'work all things after the council of his own pleasure.' In heaven is found perfect love: and from thence it takes its abode on earth, and will finally fill every heart. By love, corrupt human nature will be subdued; by love, the understanding invigorated, the will regulated; the desires controlled; and by love, every evil propensity subjugated. Thus we see that love is the PRIMUM MOBILE of every important act in the moral world. Where love does not truly act, and wholly stimulate the soul to good, there, so far, shall we find evil taking possession, and undoing and destroying every principle that was calculated to enhance the felicity of the individual. For this reason we ought to encourage and promote love, as much as possible, by refusing to have any share in the works of darkness, which lead to the shades of sorrow and woe. For where love is deficient, there will be placed before us 'the tree of knowledge of good and evil, either to make one happy or wretched, as the good or bad inclination may preponderate. If Adam had been imbued with perfect love, he would not have sinned, nor violated the law of God. But he distrusted the goodness and wisdom of God, imagining, if he deviated some, he should have the satisfaction of not dying, as it had been stated to him he should, if he transgressed. In the case of Adam, love was not perfect; for if it had been, he would have had no fears in following the divine command. Here we have proof sufficient, that man originally was not made perfectly holy—for perfect holiness and perfect love are synonymous terms. Being deficient in either of these, is the whole cause of sin. Where perfect love is, there can be no sin; and in proportion to a person's sin, in the same ratio he is destitute of love. God is happy in an ocean of love, yea, infinite love, and man will be made so, whenever he receives a sufficiency of the spirit of love. Thus we are all dependent upon the source of infinite love, to prepare us all for the full enjoyment of heaven, where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures forevermore.

If it had not been for the principle of love, what a deplorable condition the world would have been in! There would have been nothing to produce a moral reform! the state of society would have been such, as to have sunk it into a degraded conditon. All would have been irretrievably lost, never to rise any more. But, thanks be rendered to an Almighty Power, which wields the sceptre of Infinite Love, that there has been so much condescension displayed towards man in raising him from an inferior state of existence, to one of immortal glory and felicity. Yea, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,' to die for it. Here, again, we see that infinite love is the moving principle in God to save a world of sinners—as sinners cannot enjoy happiness, so God has provided for them a way, declared to them the truth, and promised to them 'the life that now is, and that which is to come.' God has extended his compassion towards his erring creatures, and will have pity on all who are out of the way. Every prodigal must be sought, and found; every sin be forgiven; every one be convinced of the error of his way; and 'every one be taught of God. All must know him, from the least, even to the greatest.' When this glorious era shall have arrived, and 'the final restitution of all things' fully accomplished, then the whole dome of heaven will resound with songs to God and the Lamb forever. What a blessed throng will meet together to sing redeeming love! What aspirations of praise will ascend up to that God who has done so many marvellous works in heaven and on earth. Yea, 'he hath done all things well.' 'Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works unto the children of men.'

When infinite love has restored all the rebellious children of men, to the full enjoyment of happiness, then all the ways of God will appear right, all his judgments just, all his reproofs equitable, all his chastisements beneficial, and his government consistent; and when all these things are viewed as being controlled by consummate wisdom and unbounded power, it will, surely, be enough to make all exclaim, 'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!—'Hearken unto this: stand still, consider the wondrous works of God.'

Having now considered, very briefly, the nature and consequences of infinite love, let us apply this noble principle to ourselves. Those who call themselves Universalists, ought to take heed to their doctrine. We profess to believe in the doctrine of infinite love. If they, who really believe it, are not actuated by the principles it inculcates, and by the precepts and injunctions which are enforced as worthy of being followed, then, of what use is any kind of religion? It ought to regulate each one's conduct, of 'doing to others as we wish to be done by.' 'Ye are my friends,' says Christ, 'if ye do whatsoever I command you.' It is to be much regretted, that ever a wrong course is adopted among Universalists. We need not relinquish any of our natural rights, in pursuing a just and straight-forward course—we ought to maintain them in a consistent manner. Our Father in heaven does no wrong, because the creatures he has made err—no, 'he does good continually.' So we, as brethren, living together in this world, ought to live peaceably with all men, especially with those of our own faith. Our faith ought to imitate the love of God. But I would ask, seriously, can all the Universalists say that their conduct exactly corresponds to their glorious faith? It could be wished that all

could respond truly in the affirmative. An individual, who is materially injured in the house of the friends of his doctrine, may keep back from exposing the faults of such to the world, but he cannot forget the injury he has sustained. When it is the intention of one to injure another, unjustly, without any cause, where can love reside? If Universalism be a doctrine of love, what name ought to be attached to such believers? Such surely deny the faith, and cannot be accounted true followers of him, 'who spake as never man spake.' It is very true, that all are liable to err, and many times commit heedlessly, and inadvertently, improprieties; but charity ought to be the first virtue to soothe the unfortunate. If God forgives all his erring children, ought we not to forgive one another? If we sin, does God reveal the act to all the world? No, he reminds the delinquent of his transgression, and brings him to a realizing sense of his duty, and tells him, 'to go and sin no more.' Here is an example worthy of imitation, and of all praise. It is hoped and earnestly desired, as the world increases in the knowledge of universal grace, that its recipients will so unite together in the bonds of affection, that others seeing their 'good works will glorify their Father in heaven.' Partialism cannot produce perfect love; but what is the use to embrace Universalism, and practice no better than the partialists? Though a Universalist may do wrong, yet, the principles of his faith teaches him not to injure a brother, or let a brother suffer unjustly. A true-hearted believer in universal salvation will consider well his own conduct and be careful and prudent not to judge unfavorably of a brother, without the best of reasons, and according to the strongest evidence which can be offered. Love never slanders; love never surmises; love never allows prejudice to decide; love never desires evil; love never 'rejoiceth in iniquity.' But love opposeth every thing that engenders evil—yea, it cementeth together every christian virtue, and encourageth every good work. Therefore, I exhort all, who are Universalists, to cultivate the spirit of infinite love! Let your conduct, in the course of your lives, show to the world, that your faith can yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and that all the other systems of religion, which are founded on exclusiveness, will finally fail of producing this effect. Love created, and love will finish. Love begets love, and hatred begets evil, and all the concomitant train of miseries that exists. Is not all this true? 'Judge ye what I say.' May the truth regenerate every sinner, and turn us all from the error of our ways. C.

Plymouth, 1835.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.—No. IV.

Original.

The last article ended with this clause; Let us be punctual and successful. But punctuality is but a portion of the sabbath school teacher's duty; it is only the subordinate of his higher and more essential duties. Punctuality certainly is the great medium of success, but can never be expected to accomplish it alone. It may in a measure demonstrate the engagedness of the teacher in his employment, but will never atone for neglect in other, and more necessary points of his duty. To be punctual and constant is a good and essential trait, but to be faithful and thorough, is a better.

With these remarks, we will continue the consideration of the duties of the sabbath school instructor, in regard to his pupils. Here I would observe that it is not designed in these articles to point out any method of instruction, but merely to show the way which may be considered most desirable for adapting instruction to its ends, and making it effectual for the accomplishment of the purpose for which it aims.

Having therefore recommended punctuality as best adapted to prepare the road, I will state secondly—that a knowledge of the various dispositions and abilities of the individuals composing a class, is the great avenue of eventual success. This has been previously touched upon in a former number of this series, under the head of the teacher's qualification. But if it is a portion of the qualification of the teacher, it is also a part, and an essential part, of his duty to his scholars. It is therefore not out of place here; and as on the score of qualification on the part of the teacher, it was merely adverted to as such; it is designed now, to state the manner by which this qualification is to be obtained, as well as the method by which it is to be rendered most efficient.

Firstly—to gain a knowledge of the pupil's disposition. It appears to me, that this is a point in which teachers generally fail. They are apt, without in the least taking into consideration the disposition or even the ability of the scholar to learn, to give him such tasks as are not only inappropriate, but entirely incomprehensible to the pupil's mind. Some children have a natural aversion, not only to religious instruction, but to all learning; and, it seems, to endeavor to influence such dispositions by hasty or harsh measures, and lengthened lessons, is not only of a tendency to make them disregard the remonstrances of the instructor, but to give such minds a still greater aversion to the tasks appointed them. Hence the necessity of ascertaining the disposition and ability of the pupil. And the instructor will invariably find it advantageous to know the various tastes and characters of his scholars, in this respect; as he can then take his measures accordingly. It should be then the first object of the sabbath school teacher, to be attentive in this respect. To develope the disposition, is the question under consideration. The character of a child will generally evince itself in his language as well as his actions; and a teacher can, by familiar conversation with his pupils, elicit their various dispositions as fully, as by any other method.

Childhood is naturally ingenuous, and delights to have some friend to whom it can impart its secrets, its youthful joys, as well as griefs. And the sabbath teacher should be to his charge, this friend, this depository of all that is interesting to the childish heart. He should endeavor to bring his scholars to an implicit confidence in him, and a full reliance upon his faith. He should rejoice with them in their rejoicings, listen with patience and interest to their artless tales of childish sorrow, and, if their spirits are ruffled with aught of anger, or ill-treatment, endeavor

to heal the wound, and teach them, in the example of their blessed Redeemer, a lesson of forbearance and forgiveness. In a word, he should endeavor to establish between himself and pupil an indissoluble bond of mutual confidence and sympathy. Thus will the teacher be enabled fully to ascertain the different characters of the separate individuals of his class, and pioneer the passage of instruction.

Secondly,—Having ascertained the various abilities of his scholars, how is the instructor to take advantage of, or improve those abilities? plainly, by conforming himself to them. A child's natural ability for receiving and retaining instruction, as well as his disposition, may be good; and, it should be the teacher's first object to encourage this disposition, and nourish the first and tender germ of capacity, that it pine not by neglect.

The most towardly disposition and that most susceptible of wisdom's fruition, if not cultivated and improved by practice, and practice corresponding with its abilities and desires for the attainment of knowledge, will gradually lose its interest in its appointed studies; or, like a good soil left uncultivated, will decrease in quality, and degenerate into a barren waste, or eventually be overrun with weeds and brambles. Let not therefore the soil of disposition or capacity, because naturally of a fertile quality, remain unimproved. It is not sufficient that we sow the seeds, and adapt them to the soil. We must see that they are not rooted up, blighted by the mildew, or withered perhaps, by the noontide intensity of the sun, ere their prime; and especially, that 'an enemy' does not come by night, and sow 'tares' in their midst, so that they are choked in their growth, or have the nourishing principle of their existence so drawn away from them, that their being is but a verification of a scripture quotation, which says—'dying thou shalt die.'

But again; the class of no teacher will probably be composed, solely, of the above-dispositioned scholars. There is no class but that has several gradations of disposition and capacity among its members; and, from these, we shall select particularly, in addition to the above, the indocile, or dull scholar, and the inattentive or indifferent scholar. Now, in his course of instruction, the teacher will evidently desire to keep his class as united, and equalized in advancement in their studies, as possible. But, as has been just said, the having his class composed of a variety of dispositions and abilities, as well as individuals, involves him, in this respect, in a dilemma. How then is this difficulty to be obviated? It has been laid down as a proposition in these articles that every degree of capacity should have a proportionable task. Now it is plain in the instance of the two last enumerated grades of disposition and ability, on the ground of the above predicate, we shall, in a measure, meet with a difficulty. But it seems as if this objection, (if it be one,) to the fundamental proposition of these articles, might be easily removed, and every thing reconciled; and that too by the correct estimation and consideration of the subject which we have been treating upon in this article—namely, the knowledge of, and the developement of the disposition and ability of each scholar; and the adaptation, through the medium of that knowledge and developement, of means to ends.

It has already been asserted that some scholars are of a ready, able, and willing character, while others are of a dull or inattentive disposition. Now, although the dull and inattentive scholar may not be so able or so willing to learn, as him of the first mentioned character, might we not, by inciting the latter to emulation, incite him also to studiousness, and thus keep him in pace with those whose perceptions are more ready than his own? It occurs to me, that such a course might be taken, without its being in the least derogatory to the fundamental hypothesis of these articles. Such a course has been tried successfully heretofore, and will be as available again. 'What man has done, man may do,' is a good maxim. And it seems, also, that this course would not impose too severe a task upon the dull or unready scholar; for dulness is but too often the fruit of inattention or indifference; and emulation, especially with a child, is about the only method by which indifference in regard to learning, can be removed. While we, therefore, endeavor to conform our instructions, and their lessons, to the individual capacities of the pupils of our classes, let us endeavor to have a strict equality of advancement in study; and furthermore, let us remember, that if such is not the case as satisfactorily as we would wish, we can console ourselves with the fact that there are exceptions to every rule.

D. J. M.

CHARITY.

BY REV. E. D. KENNICOTT.

Original.

When in the gloom of dark despair
The mind is lost;
When on the tempest-waves of care
The soul is tost;
O then there is a lovely grace,
In charity's bright smiling face.

When in the orphan's eye shall start
A flood of tears;
When nought within the widow's heart
Like joy appears;
O then there is a sacred bliss,
In charity's sweet soothing kiss.

When for assistance on thy floor
The beggar lies;
Or storm-beat traveller at thy door
For mercy cries;
O then there is a holy charm,
In charity's relieving arm.

PHRENOLOGY.—NO. V.

Original.

Every observer of mankind has noticed that some are possessed of a strong desire to accumulate property and provide for the future, and that others are not; but all who have noticed this as being a prom-

inent trait in some of our race, have not been able to account for it. This propensity arises from the organ of acquisitiveness. It creates the desire to hoard up, and acquire wealth.

It is situated directly above secretiveness. The three propensities, destructiveness, secretiveness and acquisitiveness, when full, give breadth or thickness to the head from side to side. As a general rule, if a man or woman has a thick head, directly above the ear, between the ear and the top of the head, the individual will be exceedingly fond of accumulating wealth. I mean, if the head is thick at this part, in proportion to the other parts.

Those people who are perfectly indifferent about the future, are satisfied with having their present wants supplied, will be found to have narrow heads, at the centre between the anterior inferior angle of the parietal bone. But those desirous of owning all that joins them, who are never satisfied though fortune pours an abundance upon them, have wide or broad heads. The reader can observe the different characters within the circle of his acquaintance, and satisfy himself of the truth of these remarks. To ascertain the precise location of this, as well as that of all of the propensities, it will be best to proceed in compliance with the technical terms of the science of anatomy; and to this end it would be well to consult some anatomical work. I would recommend 'Smith's Class Book of Anatomy.' This can be obtained at almost any of the bookstores, and will be serviceable in many other respects.

Writers upon the physical laws of man inform us, that the first demand of our nature is to live and enjoy life. The second is to kill and eat. The latter would be strictly correct, were it not for acquisitiveness. Having this propensity, man rests not satisfied, until he has provided for the future, and has made in his own view ample provision for a rainy day.

Acquisitiveness prompts the husbandman, artisan, manufacturer, merchant, and student, to persevere in their several callings. When discouragements arise, the hope of gaining wealth, will give an impetus to the labors which have progressed slowly. Even the student will consume the midnight oil with cheerfulness, though wearisomeness has seized upon every part of his frame, for the purpose of gaining a paltry sum of money. And it has been thought, that the preacher is often prompted to renewed exertion in his labors, by the same feeling and hope.

Its activity, when regarded by superior sentiments, raises man above the savage, and enables him to secure the comforts and delicacies of social and civilized life. It does not show itself alike in all, for it is guided by the prominent organs with which it is associated.

If the moral sentiments be full it will show itself in a strong inclination to gain. But if these be deficient, the possessor will feel himself at liberty to gain wealth by all means, even by fraud and deception. And it often turns out, that such persons have heaped up riches, without having any other end in view, than the gratification of this propensity.

Let benevolence be active, and this full, and the person will be anxious to gain, but at the same time will give liberally to benevolent objects, and may distribute his wealth among the poor. But should this be active, and charity or benevolence feeble, the poor may as well not call, as to go and ask for charity. The man will be niggardly. Meanness will be stamped upon all he does, unless he has learned to govern himself, and bring all his propensities under the law of righteousness.

While I am upon this subject, I will state one other thing, and in connexion with it offer a word of counsel to mothers. Children frequently manifest large acquisitiveness, and small conscientiousness. They will steal. Parents are troubled at this. What is to be done? Parents resort to punishment. This frequently drives the child from home, and increases instead of lessening the evil. The proper course to be pursued is this—Be kind to your child. Let him not have occasion to distrust your affection. Operate upon his moral sentiments. Teach him it is sinful to steal. Take great pains to cultivate his intellect; and as he increases in years, and advances in knowledge, his propensities will submit to the guidance of his intellect and superior sentiments, and you will have an honest man. One thing more must not be forgotten. Be sure and not place him where he will be in continual temptation. Keep him as free from this as possible.

There are a great many anecdotes related of persons in whom this propensity had gained the ascendency over all the mental powers, which afford a practical illustration of its nature and tendency, when left unrestrained, or cultivated improperly—and also, when diseased. For instance: An account is given of a physician, whose constant practice was to steal the knives, scissors, keys, spoons, thimbles and buckles from the rooms of his patients; but he would return them immediately by his servant, on reaching home. And another account is given of a patient who stretched forth his hand to steal the gold snuff box, while in the agonies of death, from his confessor. The confessor had come to perform the last religious service for him!

Constructiveness, No. 9. This gives breadth to the front part of the head. It is located directly above the spheno-temporal suture, on that part of the temporal bone, covered by the muscle which rises when the under jaw is brought firmly in contact with the upper. The person who has a large developement of constructiveness, will have a head singularly large and broad at the temples.

It is essential to a good mechanic. And all such are found to have it large. Dr. Gall examined the heads of very many who were noted for their skill in the different branches of mechanism, and on examination the developement was found to be very strong. It gives the power to construct. Hence it is strongly marked in persons possessing great ingenuity. Such as mechanicians, architects, sculptors, painters, &c.

Animals who build, have heads shaped differently from those who do not construct. Their heads are broad, while those who do not build have narrow heads.

It is often large in men who are not disposed to follow any of the branches of mechanism for a livelihood. It is often united with great intellectual

powers, and shows itself in an unusual degree of ingenuity of a literary character.

Some men can do any kind of work. Others can do but little. While some have the ability to construct, others are quite deficient in this power. The reason for this great contrast is perfectly obvious. Constructiveness is large in one, but small in the other.

When Drs. Gall and Spurzheim were prosecuting their researches conjointly, their practical knowledge was often put to the test. But in no instance were they deceived. Dr. Spurzheim went into the brass foundry of Mr James Milne, in Edinborough, and gave a correct description of the several workmen there employed. Mr. Milne derived great practical advantage from the observations of Dr. S., as he subsequently stated. He found that boys whose heads were narrow, could not become such proficients in his business, as those whose heads were wide.

The natives of New-Holland have very narrow heads. They have not the ability to construct. They build no houses nor construct cabins. They cannot make clothes, nor catch fish, nor make water boil. They can make a fire—but when they have seen Europeans make water boil they have ran away in terror.

Constructiveness is essential to a good milliner, mantua maker, tailor, shoe-maker, or any kind of tradesman. It is an essential trait in a good musician. And as it gives the power of invention, it will be found largely developed in all who take delight in presenting the public with new inventions; and to its cultivation, we are indebted for the useful and commodious machines with which the country abounds.

Cautiousness, No. 10, is situated at the upper, latteral and posterior part of the head, towards the middle of the parietal bones. On most heads, near the top, almost directly above the ear, will be found a projection on each side, occasioned by cautiousness. On the female head it is more strongly marked than on the male. And many a man has lost his all, because he did not hearken to the voice of his more cautious wife.

This propensity prompts to precautions. It produces doubts. Makes us careful how we proceed. But when it is feeble or quite deficient, men are prone to act first, and afterwards consider. When very active, it makes people very uncertain and irresolute, and produces great inquietude, and predisposes to melancholy and hypochondriasis.

Persons of great irresolution are broad at the upper and back part of the head. It was by observing the singular form of the heads of two men of this description of character, that the propensity was discovered. The notice of their heads led to further observations, and these resulted in the discovery of the organ and its correct location.

Some people are cautious to a fault. Others are heedless, and consequently are always in trouble. The question may with propriety be asked — Are their heads shaped alike ? The phrenologist replies in the negative. Look around in society. You will see that the heads of cautious and incautious people are shaped according to their developement of character.

Look at a family of children. Examine the heads of the cautious, and also those of the heedless, and you will be astonished at the contrast. No one who is willing to be convinced, can remain long an unbeliever in the correctness of the location of this propensity, and the correctness of the analysis given of it by phrenologists, if he will only be at the trouble to observe the difference in the formation of the heads of different individuals, with regard to this propensity.

It is very important to mothers, and every one living and moving in domestic life. The man in business cannot long prosper without it. Persons about to engage in any important undertaking must exercise caution, if they would succeed. And those about to entwine themselves in the bands of matrimony may save themselves days, months and years of misery, by having this principle in full action. Through its inaction, ships have been lost, houses burned, and property foolishly given away.

United with large philoprogenitiveness, it prompts to a strong care for children, hence those who have it large, are careful mothers and cautious fathers.

United with active destructiveness, it predisposes to suicide. Drs. Gall and Spurzheim examined the heads of a large number of suicides, and in them all cautiousness was large, destructiveness full, and hope feeble.

People having it large, and by it possessed of unreal fears, have suffered intensely. In some instances they have feared to cross a common bridge, lest their own weight should break it down, and they be precipitated into the water. A great many instances and circumstances can be enumerated, illustrative of the natural tendency of the propensity.

Animals who have it large, place sentinels to warn of danger. The goose, wild goose and crane are of this description.

Love of Approbation, No. 11. This is situated between the corresponding organs of cautiousness on each side of self-esteem, and commences about half an inch from the lambdoidal suture. When full, it gives breadth and roundness to that part of the head.

This gives the disposition to please, and to seek applause. When large, we strive to have those with whom we are connected speak well of us. It inspires the seeker for fame, with zeal and perseverance, and oftentimes obliges him to seek the 'bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth.'

All have more or less of this propensity. But a great contrast is to be seen among men. Some when approbated manifest great satisfaction; others are indifferent to both your approval and frowns.

Children discover an active portion of it when very young. But among them a great variety is to be seen. Some are fond of flattery, while others are alike regardless of censure and praise.

Love of Approbation is very essential to all, as it keeps us from deviating too widely from our fellow men. It puts a restraint upon many useless and selfish extravagances, and obliges us to restrain

many peculiarities, which if indulged, would be of essential injury to us. It is only when permitted to usurp the ascendancy, that it leads the votary blindly on to ruin.

It produces a wonderful effect upon the painter, poet, orator, warrior, and statesman. It fires each of their hearts, and often enables them to overcome numerous obstacles, and seat themselves upon the very pinnacle of fame.

Vanity is one of its abuses; and the vain person, under its influence, talks for the express purpose of having you praise him and admire his greatness.

When united with a feeble intellect, it produces chagrin and mortification in the artist, orator, and preacher, when others receive more praise than is awarded to themselves. And children at school are grieved and filled with misery, because others have better clothes, and receive more praise than themselves.

The females have more of this propensity than males. And all observers of the sexes must admit that they are more given to please than the men. While the latter are not overstocked with a desire to please, the former have full as much of it as is for their comfort.

Women have become insane in this propensity—but no instance of masculine insanity of this organ is on record. The heads of the male and female are formed according to these facts.

It is large in the French, but small in the English head.

The dog, the horse, the cat, and the monkey, each have it large. And among each species, a variety of developement is found.

When it is the governing principle in an individual, there is no way you can succeed so well with him, as by appealing to his love of approbation. One anecdote will afford a practical illustration of this remark. A bookseller kept on hand a large number of pamphlets, which he sold at exorbitant prices. One day a man came into his store and wished to purchase a certain pamphlet, for which he charged one dollar, that being more than double the real value of the book. The customer objected; but the bookseller took the book from him, and laid it upon the shelf, observing at the same time, 'this book, sir, was made for a gentleman.'

This remark aroused the customer's love of approbation; and unwilling to give up his claim to that honorable appellation, he paid the dollar, and took the book. The seller well understood human nature, and therefore knew how to dispose of his merchandise to good advantage. We do not approve of this mode of proceedure. It is well to appeal to an individual's governing propensity for his good, but not for his injury. And I have no doubt but that much harm has been done in the world, and in the society of those we love, by taking improper advantage of their peculiarities.

For our own peace, and for the happiness and prosperity of our associates, let us study human nature; and by the bright and glorious example of our blessed Redeemer, learn to do good and not evil to all men, and never inflict unnecessary pain upon any child of humanity. D. D. S.

MUSINGS OF THE MOTHERLESS.

Original.

MOTHER! how strange, how sad a sound it is!
Unearthly is its echo to my ear—
Long has it been to me a hallowed sound,
But she, whose look of fond maternal love,
And gentle voice with cadence soft and sweet,
Once answered to the call of mother, has
Long, long slept—the sleep of death is on her,
And yet she lives, and ever will throughout
Eternity, a shining seraph in
Her Father's courts amid a ransomed throng.
I do not wish her back to the dim sphere
Of earth, again to linger in the shades
Of death! Oh! no—'t is 'joy unspeakable'
To know that she has gone at last to God.
Henceforth, I 'll not repine although no voice
Shall call me dearest child, nor mother's hand
So gentle, rest again upon my head,
While with a look of pious love, she seeks
A Saviour's blessing for her darling child.
My mother's voice is hushed, but blessings which
She craved from Heaven, for me, her child, are mine.
Dear is the memory of those early scenes;
The fond remembrance of a mother's love
Its hallowed influence sheds around me still;
And though that love is mine no more on earth,
I 'll not repine—and know thou, dearest friend,
I do not envy thee the blessing thou
Possessest in thy mother, though I muse
Ofttimes in sadness on that blessed name.
I feel for thee, for thou art fatherless—
But O! I will not weep for thee—oh, no!
Thou also hast a kindred in the skies,—
Let us rejoice, and give our thanks to Him,
Who is a God of Love alike to all. M. B. S.

Roxbury, Mass.

THE COVETOUS MAN.

Original.

FARMER Birdsall would, perhaps, never have wanted anything, if he had not seen his neighbors have it before him. But whatever he saw in the possession of another, let it be a smart chaise, a fine cow, or a new beaver, he wished, with all his heart, that it could change owners, and come into his possession. Now if this disposition had inspirited the farmer to exert himself and earn the money to purchase a similar article, it would have been productive of no harm; but his heart would always be firmly set on the identical article which was in the hands of his friend. A person showed him a new watch which he had just purchased, the farmer did not ask him where another was to be purchased. But he took the bauble in his hand, turned it over and over, felt of it, opened it, praised it, and then went off hating his neighbor most heartily, because he owned something which he wanted himself. Thus would Birdsall spend day after day in repining on account of the fine things which his neighbors possessed, when he might have earned them in the

same space of time that he was grieving over his misfortune in not having them.

His garden adjoined that of Robert Walker; and in Robert's garden was a fine pear tree, which grew not more than two yards from the fence. Now Farmer Birdsall when he saw the ripe burgamots hanging closely on the branches of Robert's tree, wished most heartily that the fence ran along a few feet beyond the tree, so as to bring it within his enclosure. But as the fence did not run in that manner, Birdsall perceived that the pear tree was as much out of his jurisdiction, as if it had been situated ten miles off. This he considered peculiarly unfortunate, because he was fond of pears, and the tree was the pride of the neighborhood. He cast about in his mind how he could possibly manage to come in possession of the tree. It was such a pity that it should grow so near his fence, that the tempting fruit should be constantly presented to his eyes, and yet that he could not taste of it. He did not like to ask Robert for a basket-full of his pears, because that would be acknowledging that the latter was in the possession of something which he wanted and could not get. Envy never loves to show its naked face. It is so mean a passion, that it is ashamed of its own image. At length, farmer Birdsall hit upon a plan to get a few of the pears, not only without demeaning himself to ask for them, but also without the cognizance of the rightful owner. He went out in the evening and hung some clothes on the fence which divided the two gardens, well knowing that the wind would blow a part of them over into Robert's garden. Accordingly, when he arose in the morning, he saw that nearly every article had been carried by the wind into his neighbor's enclosure. In a few hours he walked over to Robert's house, and found his wife alone with the children. 'What do you think, neighbor Walker,' said he, 'my wife had a large washing yesterday, and I hung my clothes upon the fence in order to let them be out all night, but some villain from the village has been here and stolen them all!'

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Walker, 'I am very sorry for you—but,' and she smiled, 'I believe I have some good news for you.' Then she led the farmer into the garden, and triumphantly pointed to the clothes which lay under the famous pear tree. As the reader will conclude, Birdsall was very much overjoyed when he had found the lost garments, and was profuse in his thanks to Mrs. Walker for finding his clothes for him. 'But do n't let me detain you a minute, my dear madam,' said he—'go in to your work, while I run home and get a basket to put the clothes in.' The unsuspecting woman retired into the house; and Birdsall soon returned with his basket. He perceived that he could now gather as many pears as he pleased, without being seen from the house. He began knocking them off the tree with a long pole, and had soon put nearly a half bushel of them into his basket. He then threw the clothes over the stolen fruit, and stood a moment looking up at the loaded branches and sighing at the thought that the whole did not belong to him. Just then a young spark, with a switch in his hand, came along the road, and looking over the palings, cried, 'good morning, neighbor—a windy day.' 'Yes, yes, very windy,' said the farmer—'you are a stranger in these parts, I take it.' 'Yes sir,' replied the other—I have just set up a lawyer's office at the village—and have been taking a little ramble up and down the country. You do n't know of any one who has any little dispute to settle—or who would like to—to try his hand a little in my line, do you? I should like a brief at this time right well.'

'Why, no—' said Birdsall, pondering, 'I do n't know of any body that would like to sarve you. But if you could make this pear tree grow in my garden, or remove this fence far enough back to take it in, I would go to law myself.'

'I 'm the man for your money, sir!' exclaimed the young pettifogger, jumping up and striking his heels together. 'I have done greater miracles than that in my time, I can assure you.'

'But in the name of wonder,' cried the surprised farmer, how will you go about it? I 'm sure I do n't know what method you will take.'

'O ho! my friend, you are not in the secret,' answered the other—'just come with me, and we will talk this affair over.'

Birdsall hastened to pick up his basket, and trudge after the lawyer. The two worthies retired to a private room in the farmer's, and they studied together on the means of cheating Robert Walker out of his pear tree. The lawyer agreed to hunt up all the old records, deeds, and conveyances, and prove as plain as two and two are four, that the fence did not form a correct boundary between the lands of Walker and Birdsall. In a few days, Birdsall was over head and ears in the meshes of the law; his money begun to go little by little. The lawyer did not care, as long as he received his fees. But the poor man found he was likely to spend more of his earnings than would purchase a dozen pear trees. He, therefore, told the lawyer that he must contrive some means to bring about a speedy issue. 'Well,' said the pretender, looking grave, 'there is only one way that I know of, by which you can set all to rights. There is one trifling peg that upholds the whole superstructure of Walker's claims. Pull out that peg, and his cause falls at once. But a little money will be immediately required to bring about this favorable determination. Have you some to spare in order to strike one blow that shall sink Walker's claims forever?'

Birdsall shook his head thoughtfully. 'Indeed,' said he—'now I have gone so far, I have to let Walker come off victorious, and, as you say, with victory in full view. I have fifty hard dollars in a chest, in my garret—and I believe I must let them go.' The lawyer made sure of the money, and, with it, suborned two or three unprincipled witnesses.—The case was decided in favor of Birdsall. But Walker, who had perceived how the affair was going, had slipped out of court, ran home and cut down his pear tree; being determined that should not fall into the hands of the insidious enemy.—When Birdsall saw that the pear tree was destroyed, he raved like a madman. He had been led on by degrees to prosecute this foolish suit by the cunning lawyer; he had lost all his friends by his un-

justifiable covetousness, he had spent all his money, and come into the possession of a barren strip of land—but was a ruined man; affording a practical illustration of unrestrained covetousness.

TO MISS M. P. C.

On hearing her say 'My poor mother 's under ground.

Original.

Yes, little child, your mother 's where
The green, green grass is waving;
And dew-drops in their brightness there
Her resting-place are laving;
And zephyrs' sighs, with mournful sound
Reply—' poor mother 's under ground.'

Yes, little child, your mother now
Beneath the turf is resting,
With nought of care to sear her brow,
Nor grief, her heart molesting;
No woe, no sorrow, there is found,
But all is peaceful ' under ground.'

Ah! little child, your mother's form,
You may not now remember;
But, many kisses, sweet and warm,
Ere quenched her life's last ember,
She gave you, but her kiss is drowned—
For now, ' poor mother 's under ground.'

Yet, little child, although no more
You will on earth behold her,
Upon yon bright, celestial shore,
Your warm embrace shall fold her,
While joyful angels shout around,
' Your mother 's raised from under ground.'

And there, the kiss she gave you here,
Shall once again be given,
And fond Affection's tie so dear,
Be firmly knit in heaven;
Nor, more your heart with gladness crowned,
Shall sigh, ' poor mother 's under ground.'

D. J. M.

CHARACTER OF ABSALOM.

Original.

'Is the young man Absalom safe ?'—2 Sam. xviii. 29.

I have chosen these words as a motto; and it is my object to review the character of that young man, Absalom, and draw from thence some inferences which it may be profitable for us all to heed. It has been truly said, that those who learn from the experience and misfortunes of others, are happy men; those who learn from their own experience, are wise men; and those who learn from neither are foolish men. If then, we would be happy men, let us learn from the experience and misfortunes of others; and not rush on, and fall into the same pit; nor let the same serpent bite us that did them. Our Savior, it is well known, chose the parabolic method of conveying instruction, and by this means secured the attention of his hearers, and often made the people pass judgment on their own actions; and no doubt this method was followed by him, because he could thereby convey wholesome truth, and give counsel in a manner the least calculated to give offence. Notice, for instance, the beautiful parable of the good Samaritan. This was spoken in order to inform the lawyer, who was his neighbor; and had Jesus plainly told this Jew, what he made the Jew allow himself, that the suffering man was his neighbor, though his bitterest enemy, the lawyer would undoubtedly have gone away disgusted. But our Lord, by this apparent history, awakened the curiosity of the lawyer, and so took possession of his feelings, that at the conclusion, nature and truth alone prompted him in his answer. And he allowed that the benevolent Samaritan, though a national enemy of the Jews, yet was rather the neighbor of the wounded Jew, than was the Levite and Priest, who passed by on the other side, though they were of his own nation. ' Go thou, and do likewise!' was the beautiful moral.

But in the present instance we have not a parable, but a true history, wherefrom to draw instruction; and happy is he who profits thereby.

David, king of Israel, was the father of Absalom, and to him gave poor examples, if he would have had him become a blessing, instead of a curse. And it will be necessary in order to make our subject instructive, to take a brief view of the circumstances that took place before Absalom was brought into notice, which show, at least, one instance, wherein brutal examples make a brutal son; and a licentious son, the natural fruits of licentious examples.

David cherished an illicit passion for the wife of Uriah the Hittite; and in order to gratify his licentious desires, and to take her to wife, he wrote a letter to Joab, (who in this history is somewhat of a notorious person,) and sent this letter by Uriah himself. The purport of the letter was—that Joab should place Uriah in the front of the battle, amid scenes of the hottest blood and dreadful carnage, that he might be killed. Joab obeyed the king, and Uriah was slain. In this act, David cast a stain upon his character, of the blackest die. It was the very height of treachery and villainy. Making this noble man carry a letter of his own condemnation—one that prescribed the mode of his death, while the confiding creature fondly thought it was a mark of honor from the king, and that he was intrusted with some important despatches to his master's generals. David, the once noble, generous, pious, and benevolent hero, who, once would not taste of the water which his brave men had gained at the hazard of their lives, because he did not wish to deprive them of it—this same man, in order to gratify his unlawful passion, imbrued his hands in the blood of one of his most faithful servants. Alas! how art thou fallen, O king of Israel! how has the brightest gold become dim! The news was brought to David, and the wife of Uriah heard it, and mourned for her husband. As Pope says—

> 'Before her face her handkerchief she spread,
> To hide the flood of tears she did—not shed.'

And when the mourning was past, David made her his wife. But how long this woman's mourning lasted, is not recorded; but judging by her former ac-

tion, she was a disgrace to her noble, valiant, and virtuous husband, and she rather, we should judge, observed the form, without feeling the power of sorrow. She lost a CAPTAIN, and obtained a KING. She chose riches, and disgrace, rather than humility and virtue; and 'shed reluctant tears, and forced out groans from a joyful heart.'

David had committed sin, and punishment was not far off; he reaped a great harvest of calamity and woe—'Verily he is a God who judgeth in the earth.'

Soon after this marriage, Nathan the prophet came to reprove David, and spake unto him a parable. Here let us mark the effect of this manner of rebuke. 'And he said unto him, there were two men in one city; the one rich, the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks, and herds; but the poor man had nothing save one little ewe lamb, which he had brought and nourished up. And it grew up with him, and with his children. It did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spraed to take of his own flock, and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come unto him.'

David on hearing this parable, was greatly angry with the rich man, and said to Nathan, 'The man that hath done this thing shall surely die, and he shall restore the lamb four fold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity.' Nathan said to David—'THOU ART THE MAN!' David was transfixed by this ejaculation of the man of God, and sank down in guilt and shame. David pronounced judgment on his own actions, and verily doth the sequel show us, that he did have to pay the lamb four fold—he lost four sons by untimely death. 1st. The son of the wife of Uriah. 2d. Amnon, murdered by order of Absalom. 3d. Absalom, slain in the oak by Joab, and 4th, Adonajah, slain by order of his brother Solomon. Thus did the hand of retribution come down in a fearful manner on his head. Kind reader—is this an inducement to sin? David's punishment was on earth! Does thy heart wish him more? Nay—leave him to God.

Nathan told David that evil should be raised up in his own house against him; and that as he had committed his crimes secretly, he should be punished before all Israel; before the sun. Truly was this prophecy fulfilled. Uriah's wife bare a child; David was fearful lest the hand of the Lord should kill him, and in this agony of fear, this parental anxiety, he prayed, fasted, and wept—but the child died. And when he heard of it, David arose, washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and went to the house of the Lord and worshipped, and then returned back to his own house, and did eat. And his servants said unto him—Why is this! when the child was alive, thou didst fast and weep; now that he is dead, thou dost rise and eat?

And David answered—'While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for said I who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.' O may those who are called to bid a lasting adieu to the loved ones of their hearts, receive the consolation here offered.—We shall go to them—though they cannot return to us. To the mother, it is indeed a holy and consoling thought. She who has stood beside the fading form of her first born, whose unbreathed prayer has gone up to heaven, that her only flower might not fade, but that the hand of maternal tenderness might be permitted to bring it back to its pristine life and beauty—but the Allwise has seen fit to deny the mother's prayer, and the winged spirit of her child has flown to heaven—there is an angel of light, and the fond mother will one day embrace him—and her eye will never again be dimmed with the tear of parting.

'T is a hope we all should cherish—that of meeting departed friends—few are they who have not wept over those near and dear to them. We all have found, that there is a nestling worm in every flower. And while we look with admiration and delight on its opening bloom and spreading leaves, too often the poison saps the roots, and all the beauty vanishes. It mingles with the dust, and is forgotten.

Yea, we have seen the delight of our eyes, the pride of our hearts, the friend and counsellor of our youth, or the fruits of conjugal love, struggling in the arms of death—showers of tears have fallen—dead—coffined, and entombed. We have taken our last farewell, with agony that words cannot describe. Oh! it is indeed a holy thought, that we shall go to them—mingle again in their society—enjoy their love—and part no more forever.

But to return—David's son, Amnon, became enamored of his half sister, Tamar. And he stifled all honorable feelings, and become a villain toward her. She informed Absalom of the circumstance, and he became highly excited against Amnon. Absalom, it would seem by his history, was more fondly loved by David than any of his other children; but the examples set before him were calculated to corrupt all the good qualities of the human heart; to eradicate all that can ennoble or dignify man. He was an uncommonly graceful and handsome man, and as far as personal beauty went, he excelled all Israel. But 't is not the fairest form that conceals the purest heart. No—often the richest pearls are set in the plainest manner—and the purest diamonds make the least glare and show. David loved Absalom with an overwhelming love—but used not the right means to render him an honor to his house—he perhaps was pleased with the beauty of the boy, and neglected to make him a man in character and actions, but laid a foundation, by pernicious examples, for a dark career of guilt and shame.

Absalom made a feast, to which he invited all his friends and relatives—among them, Amnon, his brother. He gave orders to his servants, that when Amnon became merry with wine, to kill him; and they obeyed him, and all the company immediately fled in horror. Absalom having thus revenged the dishonor of his sister Tamar, fled to Geshur, to the king his grandfather. The news reached king Da-

vid's ear, and he was told—'Absalom had slain all the king's sons, and there is not one of them left!'

Thus we perceive, that a story loses nothing by travelling—report, contrary to other things, gains strength by going. As Virgil says—

'Now fame, tremendous fiend! without delay
Through Lybian cities took her rapid way;
Fame, the swift plague, that every moment grows,
And gains new strength, and vigor as she goes.'

If a man has the misfortune to put his ankle out of joint, sometimes before the story gets a mile, the accident is his neck, and the poor man is reported dead. But the report concerning the death of the king's sons was corrected, and he was informed of the true state of the affair, and also of Absalom's flight. And king David longed to go to Absalom—and here the extreme paternal affection of David for his son Absalom, bursts again into view. But the dignity of his station would not permit him so to do—nor was it proper for him, unless he were to deliver him up to justice; and there Absalom dwelt for the space of three years. Joab, one of the greatest generals of David's army, perceived that the heart of the king was toward Absalom, and conceived a plan to cause the youth's return. He sent for an aged woman—instructed her how to dress and act, and what to say, and sent her before the king. And in a parabolic manner, she described the situation of the king himself, and delineated Absalom's fate, as that of an erring child of her own. And the king promises her pardon for her son, and pledges himself that not one hair of his head shall be harmed. She then refers the king to the case of Absalom, and obtains a promise that he should return. He gave orders accordingly, and Absalom came back. And here again began the sorrows of the father. Absalom's proud heart was filled with ambitious schemes. He considered himself presumptive heir to the throne—set up a splendid equipage, and every morning came to the palace gates, and spoke familiarly with those who came on business; spoke of the difficulty of obtaining justice; and used the same methods to gain the hearts of the people, as disaffected, ambitious people do, in all countries. 'Oh,' said Absalom, 'if I were made judge in the land, then every man which had any suit or cause, might come unto me, and I would do him justice;' and conversing and acting toward the people in the most familiar, fawning manner, till at last—'He stole the hearts of the men of Israel.' And having gained a great mass of the people on his side, David was forced to fly for safety from Jerusalem; he who never shrank from an enemy, now was forced to fly from his ambitious son—the darling of his heart. Absalom came into Jerusalem, and so engrossed did he become in his ambitious projects, that he made arrangements to go to battle against his father—his fond and doting father. Alas! to what lengths will ambition carry man! 'T is a power, which if once admitted into the human breast, is not satisfied until it has consumed the very vitals of humanity and honor. It presents but one object to strive for, and that is the bubble fame. Yes, Absalom—the dear, beloved son of David—arranges a battle to overthrow, and dethrone his father. David prepares for the contest, and commands his officers, and through them, his men—that they should not harm Absalom. 'Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man—even Absalom,' cries the fond parent. But the time of battle arrived, the scene of which was in the wood of Ephraim; and as Absalom rode through the wood, his mule darted under the thick boughs of an oak, and his head was caught in the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth, and the mule run from him. And Joab, though conscious of the king's order, thrust three darts into Absalom's body, and killed him. This was the same Joab, who received the letter from David, by Uriah—who, at the time of Absalom's disgrace, obtained his pardon, and now is his murderer—a strange character. The trumpet was sounded, and hostilities ended. The death of Absalom was the end of the insurrection; and they took Absalom, cast him into a great pit, and laid a heap of stones upon him. Turn now to David, who at Mahanaim awaited the result of the battle. What must have been the anguish of his heart, during those hours of fearful suspense. Absalom had become an erring, misguided, sinful child, yet the father fondly loved him; he had slandered the character, and blackened the fame of the king, yet still he loved him; he had stolen the hearts of his subjects from him, and had raised up in arms against him—yet, yet, he loved him—and his actions at the approach of the messengers proved the deep intensity of that love. David sat between the two gates—and when the carrier came, did he ask if they had gained victory? No! the query he put shows what was uppermost in his mind. The messenger cried out 'All is well'—but the king burst forth in parental feeling, and cried, 'Is THE YOUNG MAN ABSALOM SAFE?' The new comer could not answer—the king bade him stand aside. Another came, and the king cries out—'is the young man Absalom SAFE?' the melancholy fact was revealed to him, and he went up to his chamber, and as he went—thus said—'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!' The poet has sung this lamentation—

'Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!
Would I had died for thee,
Ere from my presence thou didst flee,
My son, my son!

'Tears, bitter tears, flow on, flow on!
Oh, can ye drown my grief,
Or bring a father's heart relief,
That mourns his son?

'Farewell, farewell, my fondest boy,
Thou com'st no more to me—
But I at last in bliss shall be,
Where all is joy!

'When last on thee I kindly smiled,
Thy father's heart was glad;
But now, how sad, how very sad,—
My child—my child!'

When we peruse this history, the most striking trait is that of 'Parental Love.' And though it is acknowledged that the mother's love is generally the most intense, yet here we have an instance of a

father possessing a passion of love for his child, that no one can excel; and here we have a specimen of that love that never dies—true parental love; that as the carrier bird soars high to be free from all obstacles to impede her flight to her destined haven, so doth a parent's love soar over the guilt and shame of their child, though it may rise mountain high, and seeks that child—that haven for their love.

'The feeling of a parent never dies
But with our mortal natures; all in vain
The wretch by cruel, and cold spurning tries
To change that love to hate; the sense of pain
Shoots keenly through a parent's heart; the chain
Wound through life's tender years, twines closer; so
Feelings, that in our better hours had lain
Silent, are often waked by some deep throe;
And as the torture racks, our loves intenser grow.'

Yes—observation will make the poet's words true. If a parent loves one child more than another, it will be the most erring, that 'where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound;'—but should we sin that grace may abound? God forbid!

Cannot you recall some instance that will justify this truth? Think for a moment, and ask yourselves if you have not witnessed this beautiful trait of parental love. Have you not seen the son who has gone on in a career of wildness, and disobedience; who has mingled in the scenes of destructive excitement, and brought disgrace and sorrow upon his parents, and was still cherished by them with tenderness; and yet showed no marks of penitence for his sinful deeds, nor gratitude for the unmerited favors bestowed on him. Yet, the parents' love flowed on toward him, in a deep and strong current, that cannot be turned; but flows on, like wave on wave of the ever-rolling ocean—yea, and deep and unfathomable as are the waters of the pathless deep. And as the unshackled ocean still remains uncontrolled by human power, so love in the parent's breast cannot be fettered, or chained, from its darling object. It increases by attempts to suppress it; yea, if thou dost confine the waters for awhile, they will but gather strength to rush onward with greater power.

'Love! love! there are soft smiles, and gentle words,
And there are faces, skilful to put on
The look we trust in—and 't is mockery all!—
A faithless mist, a desert vapor, wearing
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat
The thirst that semblance kindled! There is none,
In all this cold, and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A parent's heart!'

Thus sung the songstress of the affection. She who knew well the touch and tone of every chord within the human breast. Whence doth this undying love spring? it is from God, and God alone; and if he be the author of human parental love, how strong, deep, overwhelming, and durable, must his love be for his offspring? If one creature has so much, how deep and unsearchable must the fountain be! The sun sheds down his rays on many a scene of wickedness, yet they dim not the brightness of his rays—the love of God is shed freely on all—and the wickedness of men changes not it purity, nor lessens its intensity. The sun's beam descend on every place beneath, save when some darkling cloud intervenes between him and the earth. So, God's love is bestowed on all, and all experience and are conscious of that love, save when the gloomy clouds of sin, error, and unbelief, intervene between him and the heart.

Absalom had disgraced, dishonored, and greatly grieved his father—yet his father loved and forgave him—and though he died while in arms against that fond parent, yet his grave was bedewed with that injured and sorrowing parent's tears. If an earthly parent can do this, need we doubt of the goodness of God? No, if there is so much in a beam, there must assuredly be more in the sun; and if the follies and wickedness of the children cannot quench the spark of love in the parent's breast, shall we say that the follies of any can quench the everlasting, all-pervading love of Almighty God? No—Father, forbid it. And when men proclaim that our sins make God our enemy, we are ready to cry—'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

2d. We find that the character of the young man Absalom was corrupted, and the vicious turn given to it, by the brutal and licentious examples of his parent; and many a child who has attached infamy to the house of his parents, has been thus corrupted. How important then is it that parents should be careful not to perform actions which they would not wish their children to imitate. They should remember that the domestic circle is the school of character, where the first and most important business of education is performed. There the precepts of morality are to be implanted in the heart, and in no way can the moral and intellectual qualities be cultivated so well, and beneficial, as beneath the parental eye. The child may have the best school in the world—the most talented, judicious, and patient instructors, yet if the parental examples are of an immoral tendency, all the labors of the teacher will be in vain. Children imitate more than they learn otherwise; their perceptive powers are more forward in their growth, than their reasoning powers; and hence, scenes which they have witnessed, will be imprinted on their memories, though they cannot reason on them. And they will be led to imitate what they cannot understand. And hence it is all important that if parents would have their children rise up and call them blessed, that they should seek to have an entire government of their tempers, and cherish a habit of self control; for if the parent be irritable, and petulant, how can he hope to conquer the headstrong, passionate child? he will add fuel to the flame. And in order to be a successful teacher at home, it is requisite to cultivate a habit of discrimination; a penetrating insight into character—a quickness of discerning of motives that lead to actions, and a power of judging of the different characters and propensities that are continually exhibiting themselves, and a happy faculty of adapting treatment accordingly. A little observation and practice will give this all important requisite to the parent.

Kindness of manner, and an affectionate tone in reproof will do much toward gaining the heart of the child. I have seen children who had committed a

fault, look up in their mother's face, and there, reading a look that spake 'more of sorrow than of anger,' cry as though their little hearts would break—that is much better than the rod.

Firmness is all important to the parent; not an austerity of manner—nor a coldness, and sullenness of tone—but a resolute adherence to what conscience and duty commands; and not yield its purpose at the first cry of the angry child. A parent may be kind, and yet firm.

3d. We find in the history a fearful example of ingratitude, and that is a grievous sin that will never go unpunished.

Absalom was forgiven by his parent, for having caused the murder of his brother, and was restored to favor, and repaid his father with the basest ingratitude, and made him feel 'how much sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child;'—but his career was short—the day of retribution was not afar off—and it reached him, as it will all other like graceless wretches. How truly, in the case of Absalom, is the poet's words verified—

'Where ingratitude, that sin of upstarts,
And vice of cowards, once takes root, a thousand
Base groveling crimes cling round its monstrous growth,
Like ivy to old oaks, to hide its rottenness.'

And wherever thou seest an ungrateful child, mark it in the calendar of memory, and ere long thou wilt see its fruits—and fearful will they be; for ingratitude has well been termed the crime of deepest die, among the dark and guilty train of human vices. And as Shakespeare says—

'Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear the hand
For lifting food to it?'—Yea—
'He that 's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.'

And yet how much of this failing do we see in our world. Yea, and looking on men with one view, how little of the true spirit of gratitude is abroad. It is a holiday virtue, like some people's dresses—only worn on very particular occasions; and as it is worn but seldom, he feels that it sits very uncomfortable, and shakes it off as soon as possible. And this neglect of this duty is the more to be censured, because it costs nothing to perform it—but if it is neglected by man toward man, how much more is it neglected by man toward God. We too often live unthankful in this world, and go grumbling and murmuring out of it, ever dissatisfied with our lot. When in sickness, we murmur and are fretful,—when health returns, we too often forget to be grateful. Men complain because they are not as strong as an elephant, and cannot run as swift as a horse, and go as easy a bird; and because they have not the searching and strong eye of the eagle, and cannot live as long as the raven. Yea; and with all this they would not be content—but would wish to fathom the unseen things of futurity—and of the distant world of spirits,—Yea, and would

'Snatch from HIS hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge HIS justice—be the God of God!'

Man has power given him to subdue the craftiest, strongest, fiercest, and fleetest of all creatures. Yet that is not enough. He is within one step of heaven and not contented. He would possess all the different qualities of the best of the animal race, and of his own. Alas! why should we not be grateful for the faculties and power which we do possess, and strive to exercise them, and improve, and enlarge them, and be content and happy.

This ungrateful propensity of man may be seen in many of the minor incidents in life; for instance—how frequent have we heard men say in reference to another, 'He it is true did do this, or that for me,—but it was so little that it did not do me much good; and yet if he did not give it to me, he might have given it to some one else, or spent it for something useless, so he did not give any thing worth notice—'t was nothing out of his pocket.' Thus men show their ingratitude, and the coldness of their hearts. How smooth are the words of one who seeks for a benefit. Lend me so, and so, and you will make me your eternal debtor. You lend, and he cries—I shall never forget this favor! A day afterward, he will perhaps deny the debt. Such is human consistency—and I envy not the man his feelings who can bow most submissively to-day, but to-morrow will be grown so tall as to look with the greatest ease over your head. Ingratitude is its own punisher; 't is a rankling thorn that poison's his quiet.

4th. We see the power of ambition, when abused, clearly set forth in Absalom's history. He became ambitious to gain the throne, and that became his god. It drove from him every truly noble, manly and generous trait of character, and made him a hideous monster—a thing to look at, and fear. Ambition, when controlled by calm and cool reason, and under proper restraint, is one of the noblest virtues, and necessary to the man who would soar above the scenes of indolence, and poverty, and to make his mind the mind of other men. To be the counsellor of the wise, the respected among men. The All-wise has left it with man to seek out his station among the rank of intelligences — to awaken their powers, and prompt them to action, and thereby make a distinction between the indolent and industrious.

But when this power is abused; when it is made the idol of the heart, it descends into a crime—it leads men to overthrow every thing that stands in their way.

It was so with Absalom. It grew upon him till reason became blind, religion forgotten, nature's rites blasphemed, and he, a son always loved, and humored, and had not a single charge against him whom he strove to dethrone,—his fond and doting father. Onward he went like the torrent loosed from icy holds—impetuous, and destructive, and soon exhausted itself. Alas, Absalom, the fairest in the land—how soon wert thou brought low. Ambition's flame thou lit, and it consumed thine own heart.

5th. We draw a conclusion of the whole matter. If we would be safe, we should stifle all unholy and unchristian desires, and be watchful lest we sin. David with all his piety was drawn into the vortex, and how deeply did he sink! and how fearful was his punishment. Let the parent be cautious what examples he sets before his children; let his out-

goings and incomings be in the fear of the Lord, and 'train up his child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Be what you wish your children to be, and you will never err knowingly; he kindly affectionate toward them at all times, but do not let your tenderness get the triumph over your judgment and discretion—but rule in your own house—your lips breathe the law of kindness, and all your actions be guided by sincerity and truth.

Let us be grateful both to God and man, for all the blessings we receive, by doing all in our power to alleviate suffering humanity, and spread the fruits of benevolence. Let us controul our ambitious passions, and never soar after that which we cannot obtain without a sacrifice of our duty to God, to our religion, and to man. But study to imitate him, who is the exampler of our race, by living in humbleness of heart, doing good, forgiving injuries, and protecting the unprotected. And ever remember that he who planted the deep and fervent love that existed in David's heart toward Absalom, is possessed of yet stronger love toward his creatures, which will live when the heavens shall have passed away, and all things become new;—and that knows no change. 'Beloved, if God so love us, how ought we also to love one another'—and may we all by acts that speak louder than words, glorify God.'

East Cambridge, 1835. B*.

THE BIBLE.

Original.

Hail, holy volume! blessed book! the most important truths are contained within thy sacred pages. In the bible is contained the law and the gospel; while it presents to us the beatifying and inviting tenderness of the gospel, we feel a fulness of desire that the vast family of our common Parent should listen to the melodious strains, sung by the sweet singer of Israel, and feel a sublime thrill of delight pervading our every breast. The word of God endureth forever; and this is the word by which the gospel is preached unto you. Our divine Master was a promulgator of the word of God. And in promulgating these truths he proclaimed the gospel of the grace of God. This book contains the word of truth—of faith—of salvation. It is an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast—it proclaims our ultimate salvation from sin. Thou shalt call his name Jesus for he shall save his people from their sins. It announces to us the reconciling of the world by Jesus Christ, and secures to us eternal life in Jesus Christ our Lord. May we be influenced by that wisdom which is from above—'which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and hypocrisy.' And with this treasure in our hands, may our petitions ascend to that God, that his spirit may guide us into the way of truth. The Bible reveals to us one God, one Lord Jesus; and from the gospel revealed by him, as the well-beloved Son of God, we learn that he wills the salvation of all mankind—that Christ has ransomed all—that the reign of grace shall extend beyond the reign of sin, and will eventually put an end to all sin and suffering; that the last enemy shall be destroyed by the mighty victor of the resurrection. Where can we find a book like the Bible? It brings with it, and will carry down with it to generations yet unborn, the motto of those through whom truth was entrusted to man. It gives us a history of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—it induces us to encourage virtue, and discountenance vice—to foster tender emotions—of pity, compassion and charity—to beget humility and meekness in the heart—and to discountenance arrogance and hatred. May we then say in truth,

'Lord I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
Here shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

Phillipston, Mass. 1835. LOUISIANA.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN INQUIRER AND CHRISTIAN.

Original.

Inquirer. You Christians have much to say of the goodness and beauty of what is called Christianity. Now I should like to know wherein its excellence consists. Will you inform me?

Christian. Certainly. It affords me great satisfaction to speak of the blessed religion of the bible whenever called upon. And I accede to your request at this time with more than usual joy, because you manifest a desire to know what claims Christianity has upon your attention.

It is a beautiful trait in the religion that came from heaven, that its hopes and consolations may be partaken of by all classes and conditions in life: it is a fountain of consolation whose waters are never dry, or denied to any applicant: all are invited to come, and partake of its milk, wine, and honey, without money and without price.

It is a religion that adds dignity to the king on his throne, and throws around a brighter radiance than all his wealth and grandeur; it is the best companion for the poor and the afflicted, and casts a smile over the dreariness of the abodes of wretchedness; and under all circumstances it will cheer, console, and sustain the believer, and keep him free from the galling bondage of fear—from all dread of the approach of death—conscious that the expanded wing of Jehovah's love is over him, and his everlasting arms beneath him, what has he to fear? Nought! he rests in the arms of perfect love.

Inquirer. Do you mean to affirm, that this is the effect of all religion professing to be from heaven, and laying claims to divine origin?

Christian. O! no. There is much false theology in the world; and its effects are quite different from those of pure religion. I have described only the nature of heavenly religion. The contrary is the effects of some doctrines which profess to claim Christ as their founder; they serve to keep the believers in continual fear—in the ancient iron bondage; place them on a precipice which overhangs eternal woe, and tell them that brittle is their thread of safety—

slight is their hold on sure hope, and this uncertainty causes them to be in continual torment, and through the whole journey of life they tread, as it were, upon slippery rocks—slaves to the fear of death; whenever sickness enters their dwellings and they are called upon to watch beside a loved one—they are physicians of no value, and like Job's pretended friends —'miserable comforters are ye all.'

They have no hopes to cheer them, and only tears and groans and loud lamentations to comfort them; and all because they fear that one will die, and then how miserable they must be: to endeavor to keep the sick one cheerful, is one of the best medicines—for says the wise man—'a cheerful heart doeth good like a medicine; but a wounded spirit, who can bear?' but how often do we see those who are companions of the sick instead of rendering their patient cheerful, wound his spirit, and add tenfold to his suffering: anguish of body never drove man to suicide, but anguish of mind has thousands.

These fearful souls thus fear because they cherish faith in doctrines of uncertainty of happiness in the unseen world; and when the thought of death comes into their minds they are filled with the most tormenting fears—dishonoring the good God of the universe by refusing to put trust in his promises, and doubting his omnific power to raise his creatures from the dead; but all is the result of believing in a system of man's invention, that God has given man power to lose in a few years in a frail state of being, the happiness of boundless eternity.

The unseen world has been presented to their eye of faith as the scene where God sits robed in awful majesty ready to condemn to endless woe, or raise to unending bliss; and coming into his presence has been declared to be the most terrific of all affairs, as though our heavenly Father was the most cruel and wrathful being in existence.

But how differently does the religion of him who 'brought life and immortality to light' teach us? there we are considered as travellers on a weary journey toward our home, and to the embrace of our Parent —to the enjoyment of unmingled love, joy, and peace.

Inquirer. What do you consider the main design of the gospel of Christ to be?

Christian. The religion of Christ was intended to introduce new ideas concerning death; to furnish a sure ground of anchorage, that we might remain in safety while the rude storms of affliction agitated the sea of life; to give freedom to the mind from the bonds of fear, and enable us to better perform the duties which devolve on us as members of the great family of man, and to offer the cup of consolation in the hour of sorrow to our bereaved friends.

We see the character of the religion of our Lord clearly set forth in the case of Mary and Martha, when they mourned the death of their brother Lazarus: he, Jesus, came to them, but not to throw around them the gloom which men too often strive to create---not to open their wounds and make them bleed afresh; no, he came to 'bind up the broken hearted,' and declared himself to be 'the resurrection and the life;' and when they come to the grave, when he saw Mary and Martha weeping, and the Jews weeping who came with them, he groaned in his spirit, and was troubled; 'Jesus wept:' yes, Jesus Christ wept.

He who could control the boisterous elements, and bid the mountain waves lie still, who could call forth the sleeping clay, and reanimate it; he wept from sympathy; he mingled his tears with theirs while they wept over the loved, the buried. And when we contemplate him, as here seen, we are led to cry with Adam Clarke, 'Can such a character be inattentive to the welfare of man? thou answerest, No! God repeats, No! Universal nature reechoes, No! and the tears and blood of Christ eternally say, No!'

I have said that Christianity introduced new ideas concerning death: and it was intended to 'deliver those who through fear of death were all their life time subject to bondage;' and when we look into the history of the ancient world we discover that they were in the most severe bondage through fear of death. Their funeral customs were the most heart-rending imaginable, and death was truly looked upon as the 'king of terrors:' wailing, and the most bitter lamentations were heard for days, nay, weeks: and they would weep over the last resting place of their loves, and call upon them to come back, and reproach them for leaving them.

They had not the steadfast anchor of the soul which Christianity gives, and they sorrowed as those without hope; a future world to them appeared like a dreary imagination, and heaven was a vision of poetry too beautiful for truth; shadows and darkness hovered over their minds.

Inquirer. If Christians were as destitute of hope, as you represent those to have been of whom you have just spoken, what would be your condition?

Christian. Were we as destitute of sure ground of hope for immortality, we might mourn and lament, as they did; were we to look on death as the eternal separation of friends; that there is no uniting of severed ties broken on earth; no cementing of the broken golden bowl of friendship; to speak of consolation then would be mockery; cold apathy could alone be sought for. But Christianity gives us a victory over these fears, and grants us sublime, elevated, and soul cheering hopes to buoy us up amid the waves of affliction, and disrobe death of its terrors.

But Christians in general have not drawn that consolation from their religion which they should; when death comes in their midst, there is more of despondency, sorrow, and fear, than of triumph, hope and trust in the strong arm of Jehovah's love; all their hopes seem confined to earth, and all their fears to futurity; and imply, at least, that they can take better care of their friends than God can.

Much of this heathenish despondency, and errors concerning death may be justly attributed to the injudicious treatment of the subject by professed teachers of Christianity. Too often they have robed death in the most terrific forms, and it has served more as a theme for declamation, than for calm, candid, affectionate discourse. The scriptures do not justify such a use of this theme; Christianity lends not her aid to terrify, but to cheer and console.

How often do we hear it proclaimed that we

should ever have it before us, that we may perhaps the next hour die, and that we should prepare to die; as though it needed something differing from the proper discharge of our duties in honesty toward all men; some frame of mind entirely foreign from usual, from pursuing the even tenor of our way. This is erroneous; he that lives as he ought is ever ready to die; and to prepare to live, is to prepare to die.

By presenting death as the constant theme, religion is turned from its proper channel, and made mere excitement; and much sorrow and misery is caused, and religion must bear the reproach.

INQUIRER. You intimated just now, that Christianity was designed to effect a deliverance for us. What kind of deliverance does it accomplish? Does it deliver us from temporal bondage?

CHRISTIAN. In answer to your interrogatories, I would briefly say: The bondage from which Christianity is designed to deliver the mind is felt by many, and they are suffering lamentably under this iron yoke of fear. The timid, thoughtful, and meditative, are ever dwelling upon this theme, as though they were brought into this world merely that they might think about going out of it; while the wild, dissolute, and thoughtless, who should be impressed with a consciousness of the shortness of time, close their ears to every mention of the subject, in so terrific a form has it been presented to them, and they shake off all thoughts of it and rush to the maddening bowl to free their minds, and drown remorse.

To the guilty wretch who has spent his days in vice, and nights in deeper guilt, the dying hour must be no enviable time. Remorse, with her stings, will be near, and deep is the agonizing reflection, that he has sacrificed his days to no good; it will harrow up his soul. One hour of such reflection is worse, than years of sinful pleasures are joyous. To him who has trod the path of rectitude, the dying hour will have no terrors, he will sink as calmly as the setting sun, to his place of rest.

He who holds forth death as the worst that can befall us, has not drank deep at the fount of Christianity; he learned not his doctrine from the Son of God, but has forsaken the fountain of living waters, for the dry cisterns of men, which they have hewn out to themselves.

INQUIRER. How do you view sin, as to its nature and effects on man? Is it not as much to be dreaded as death?

CHRISTIAN. Sin is worse than death. Look at the victim of that curse of society, intemperance! And while you there see one dead to all humanity, ask yourself if death is not better than such vice. Who would not rather seek the grave of the dead, than the degradation of drunkenness? We look on the dead calmly, and drop the tear of affection; but the soul revolts at the sight of the intemperate—monuments of living corruption. Many of the vices that men leap into are worse than death. An honorable grave is better than life in infamy.

But the preacher who in his common messages to his people makes death his commonest theme, and uses it to terrify men to their duty, is not yet brought into the sublime and elevating spirit of the religion of our Lord.

INQUIRER. Should not the Christian preacher, when he visits the sick and dying, aim to produce tranquillity, and to soothe the pains of dissolving nature, rather than harrow up the soul, and create imaginary fears?

CHRISTIAN. Yes—Certainly. But what is the common scene around the dying bed? Too often, alas, we see tumult, instead of the calm and holy quiet that should there reign; we should sustain, and not overwhelm the sufferer; it is wrong there to indulge in clamorous grief, and violent agitation.

Religion, at such a time, should never enter by creeds nor sectaries; but in holy and confiding prayer—friendship may whisper, but cold formality should say nothing. This is no time to test the truth of a doctrine, nor ask questions, to elicit answers to sound forth from the desk in after time; there should be a holy, a sabbath stillness. Earth should be forgotten, and all her creeds; and nought breathed save the immortal hopes of our divine religion.

The scenes that are sometimes witnessed around the dying bed, are in the highest degree reprehensible, outrageous to the feelings and disgraceful to religion. There is no place to give vent to the loud vociferous and agonizing prayer; nor for enquiring whether the sufferer is 'willing to die,' is 'prepared for death,' and the like. No, 't is horrid, indeed, to hear, as sometimes is heard, the harsh voice of man proclaiming what horrors await the expiring mortal, unless he complies with certain terms, which the self-made negotiator for the favor of heaven sets forth—'t is a mockery of religion, almost unpardonable.

INQUIRER. If you could have your choice, as to the peculiar circumstances in which to depart this life, what would you select?

CHRISTIAN. When it shall please God to call me from hence, let there be by my side some form of friendship, that will speak to me of his love, who gave his son for the world. Let the music of the holy breathings of love's own prayer sound in my ear; and may my spirit depart to its God, while the voice of friendship is heard uttering its confidence in the mercy of Jehovah. I would not have loud griefs and lamentations heard around my dying bed, and if in that hour there is one that loves me, to that one I would say, let me not go from earth with your tears reproaching my Father for calling me home; but let me see the calmness of features, that bespeaks the hope that we shall meet again; and find

That 'Heaven is where no secret dread
Shall haunt love's meeting hour:
Where from the past, no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower;
Where every severed wreath is bound;
And none have heard the knell
That smites the soul in that wild sound—
Farewell, beloved, Farewell.'

INQUIRER. Have not the associations usually made with death, had a tendency to make that hour exceedingly terrific?

CHRISTIAN. The associations with which many have connected death has served to make that inevi-

table hour appear horrible; and many erroneous ideas are entertained, which serve to exaggerate the trials of that time. As believing christians, we should have no fears; we look on death as a wise appointment in the unerring wisdom of God, and we should meet it with resignation, calmness, and lively hope. Our trust in him who sent his own beloved Son to disrobe the grave of its terrors, and open a vista through which the eye of faith might gaze into heaven. We know that our Redeemer liveth, and that he came to deliver from bondage those who through fear of death were in the chains of despondency.

The scriptures justify not any of the horrors that men associate with the idea of death; they do not speak of it as the 'king of terrors,' or the most 'awful hour,'—they use language such as should convey a lesson of worth to those who are fond of robing death in all the horror imaginable; when the martyr Stephen died amid showers of stones, we are told, he 'fell asleep.' What a peaceful idea is there associated with the dying hour! 'fell asleep;' like the weary traveller, after a long and toilsome journey, who most gladly courts the slumbers of the night; but the awakening from the sleep of the tomb, is not like that of the way-worn traveller from the repose of the night. He goes on, to toil, and sorrow, from strength to feebleness; but the awakening from the slumbers of the grave, is to calm and unmingled love, peace and joy.

Death is looked upon by some, as an evil; this is erroneous. Whatever is universal cannot be otherwise than good. When we know that it is the inevitable destiny of our race, and that every hour, there are thousands departing to the world of spirits, we cannot but regard death to be a wise ordination of divine goodness; we should not look on it as a manifestation of the displeasure of God, but as the path we all must tread, if we would be with him, and inhabit that world where there is 'no more death.'

Often we view the dying fall asleep unconscious of all around them; and many look on this as an evil, and some cold hearts are bold to say, that it is caused by the Holy spirit's departure—but we regard it as a friendly veil thrown in mercy over the dying. There are those who otherwise would go from our world in agony the most terrible—consciousness would be the heaviest affliction that could be cast upon them; and those who pray for it, for their dying friends, know not for what they pray. It is most often that those of refined sensibilities, the chords of whose affections are slender, and easily touched, are favored with unconsciousness at the last hour; the separation from the loved of their hearts; the thought of leaving children, orphans, on the charity of a cold world—or of leaving a beloved wife to struggle through life's thousand trials, to sustain her offspring—these, and the like thoughts, would be too much for the sinking spirit of the expiring mortal, and God in his goodness throws the veil of delirium over the conscious powers, and permits them to pass in gentleness from mortality.

Men are too fond of looking at the dispensations of providence, as the manifestations of his displeasure; they do not have so strict an eye as they should to the universal goodness of God's providence, and that there cannot exist an absolute evil in his dealings with men.

Inquirer. Would it not be well to reflect often upon death, as being a part of the economy of infinite wisdom?

Christian. We should oftener reflect on death as the translation from this to a better world—not, as we have been told, that death was the end of all social relations, and that when we lie down in the dust, we are to be as friendless as the dead beasts of the field! no; those who have loved us here, will love us hereafter, sincere love is immortal. Say not that the parent, in whose breast is the fount of deep, strong, deathless love, will cease to love the child whose infancy she has watched—led up from feebleness to boyhood, and with affection's eye marked his progress through the maturer years of life; say not that she can forget that child in time, or in eternity! No—the hearts that have, will, and do, yearn toward us; and wherever our friends are, they still love us. And were we to ask the messenger bird, as the Brazilians do, echo would answer aright—

'Tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!
Can those who have loved forget?
We call—but they answer not again—
Do they love, do they love us yet?

echo gives the pleasing answer; 'they love us yet.' Let it linger on our ear, and prompt us to merit their love.

Inquirer. I am induced to believe, that it would be well to familiarize ourselves with the idea of death. What say you?

Christian. We should familiarize ourselves with the idea of death, and not look upon it with such horror as many do—we should seek for an increase of faith in the holy religion of life and immortality, and not permit the Atheist's doubts to creep into our minds, and destroy our confidence in the hope of a better life. We know we must admit that it is in truth a fearful thing to die; to part with those we love; but we should remember that we resign our minds to calm separations in this life from our friends, we part with them, and they go to foreign lands, and years roll by, and we are happy in thought that they live; and when they are called from earth to the land of the free, let us still believe that they live—the same providence that called them from us for short periods, calls them at this time; and he who reunited us on earth, will reunite us in heaven.

Inquirer. I see the force, beauty, and propriety of your remarks. I am constrained to regard the gospel as a blessing, and from henceforth, I will make it my study and delight.

Christian. The gospel of our Lord is indeed an unspeakable gift; for if our hopes were confined to this world, we should be the most miserable of all beings; but with the glorious hopes which the pages of revelation unfold, we can look calmly at the approach of death, and meet him as a guide to our long home. The Atheist's dark theory can teach us stubbornness, but the religion of Christ can alone make us resigned, and bow in submission to the wise providences of God.

To the young, the gospel is a guide to usefulness, honor, and happiness: to the middle aged, it is the

perfect rule of practice, the true standard of integrity, and the perfect pattern of all human excellence. To the aged, it is a rod and staff to support and cheer; a light to illuminate the shadowy path to the tomb, and unfolds to them a view of the distant land to which they are hastening—the land of quietude and joy.

And when we reflect on the flight of time, and how fleeting are the few years we spend here, let us resolve to pass them in peace with all men, rather choose to bear one another's burdens, than harass each other, as we travel toward the tomb. If we have wronged, let us seek to amend the wrong; if any have injured us, let us forgive; that when we pass from earth, we may go in peace with the world. And so let us live, that the hour may not come to us unseasonably, when the silver chord shall be loosened, and the golden bowl broken; and the dust must return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to the God who gave it. And by a strong and energetic confidence in God, may we spend our allotted time, free from the slavish fear of death, being freed from that bondage by the quickening influence of the religion of him who unfolded to us the prospect of a world, where there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain; but where tears are wiped from off all faces, where all are as the angels, children of God, being children of the resurrection.

Inquirer. Good. I can add a hearty amen to all you have stated. May God add his blessing, and save us all. H.

CHARACTER OF SOLOMON.

Original.

Solomon well understood human nature, and was thoroughly versed in all that pertains to human life and conduct. He is said to have been one of the greatest and wisest men that ever lived, and yet in many respects a more consummate fool never walked on the footstool of Jehovah.

Judging from appearances, I should conclude that the Almighty intended to exhibit in this one man the height of human wisdom, greatness and glory, and the groveling and degraded nature of all human research. To this end, Solomon was endowed with an understanding heart, placed above want, being covered with riches and honors. He gathered up gold like the stones of the brook, so that silver was esteemed of but little value. In addition to this, all nations were hushed to peace by his martial arms.

Clothed with wisdom, surrounded with riches and honors, and all the world at peace, he was prepared for a splendid and triumphant reign. He understood all the scienes of the age. It is recorded concerning him, that he spake of trees and vegetables from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that ran upon the wall. He was versed also in the sciences of the animal kingdom. He spake of beasts and insects and ranged the universe. He was instructed in the religion of the God of his fathers. He knew the path to peace and happiness, and of the dark, and treacherous, and woful road to misery and distress, he was not ignorant.—Yet with all these advantages, with this flood of light gushing in upon him from the fountain above, he departed from the path of rectitude, forsook the God of his fathers, and commenced worshipping idols. This was at the latter part of his life, and we have no evidence that he ever abandoned his idolatry to the day of his death.

That a man of a small understanding should do so, would not particularly excite our surprise; but for a man of Solomon's wisdom and greatness to descend to the practice of something so inconsistent as paying homage to gods of wood and stone, the work of human hands, savours of the most outrageous folly.

However wise he might have been in all other concerns of human life, or in his kingly empire over nations, yet, judging and acting entirely wrong in this one and supreme point, he was the greater fool, because he had the means of knowing better.

Dr. Young very justly remarks, that with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool. If he judge amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all others but aggravates his folly, as it shows him wrong, though endowed with the best capacity for being right. As Solomon's wisdom was far above mediocrity—superior to that of any other man of whom history gives an account, his folly was the more conspicuous in yielding to idolatry.

But though his conduct was an evidence of the imbecility of human nature in its highest point of perfection, and brightest blaze of mental glory, yet he has left some of the most sage maxims on record as monuments of his wisdom, for the instruction and guidance of succeeding ages. These will be regarded as so many breathings of a giant soul, so long as human beings have a habitation on earth. His proverbs are a specimen of his powers of thought, and for a solemn and melancholy sublimity, his book called Ecclesiastes, is not surpassed by any productions of that age.

In his writings he fully sets forth the folly of those who consent to follow the examples of wicked men, who listen to their seductions and dream of finding happiness in the indulgence of vice. He also sets forth the glory and peace of those who listen to the voice of wisdom, and follow her direction. He addresses his language particularly to the young, as their habits of life and cast of character are not yet formed. We see the beauty and propriety of this course of instruction, as habit is a second nature. Though much of his language is addressed to the young, it is nevertheless adapted to the interests of all classes in society. And while we read the history of this great man—while we are captivated by his wisdom, and enchanted by his powers of mind, and the mightiness of his thoughts, let us aim to pattern all that is ennobling, and shun all his follies; and never, like him, forsake the true God, for the deities which men have formed.

Secure the approbation of the aged, and you will enjoy the confidence, if not the love of the young.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Original.

'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

The words upon which these remarks are founded address themselves to parents and guardians. They give a plain direction, and impose on such an important obligation. In discussing the topic they present, I shall address myself particularly to parents, and with them reason upon the true mode of family government. By divine assistance I shall expose the fallacy of much that now exists in the domestic circle as a means of training up a child in the right way, and shall aim to expose its ruinous consequences.

The importance and great weight of this subject will not be questioned by any one, especially if we consider that it involves the destiny of our children for life. It gives us pain to see the little creatures in distress. And we cannot refrain from the recollection when we look upon a dissipated and abandoned fellow being, that he was once the smiling and innocent infant of parental affection. We cannot look upon a prison convict without remembering that even his hands were once unstained by crime, and that he has even now, perchance, parents mourning over their unhappy child of grief, crime and shame.

We cannot look upon the miserable murderer, and the wretched and cold-blooded pirate without calling to sad remembrance, that they have mourning fathers and mothers whose hearts bleed with unavailing agony, as they contemplate the truth that they are doomed to expiate their crimes by an ignominious death upon the gallows. And how painful is the reflection, that this unhappy end might have been prevented by a proper, wise, and salutary course of discipline, under the parental government. Or in other words, how painful the reflection, that the seeds were sown in early life which brought forth these unhallowed fruits.

When I look upon my own children, who are bound to my heart by ties which death cannot annihilate—when I visit my friends and behold the little ones whom the Lord hath given them—and when I look upon the smiling little faces which repair to our literary institutions from day to day for instruction, and consider that the destiny, not only of our families, but of all in our beloved country depends upon the instruction and early bent given to their infant minds and inclinations, in common with the other children of our country, the subject nearly overpowers my mind, and I involuntarily inquire —'who is sufficient for these things?'

It is by no means a subject of trivial importance. It is one of great moment. I am sensible that no parents can be indifferent to the interests of their children, as to their happiness, reputation, and welfare in the world. And if I can throw any light upon the subject, I shall feel myself well compensated for the labor bestowed, and feel assured that none will let the suggestions pass unheeded.

I am sensible that some of the ground I shall occupy will be new, that many may perchance smile at my credulity, but I shall endeavor to sustain all my positions by plain, reasonable, and logical arguments.

That man is in part the creature of circumstances, is too plain to be controverted. The little child comes into existence, as Dr. Franklin says, 'blank paper,' on which we may write his character and destiny for life. Or in other words, he comes into being without one single thought or impression, but still, with the power to think, and with a nature capable of receiving impressions. The infant born of the best of parents, if reared among a gang of robbers and murderers, would become a robber and murderer, and his mind naturally become adapted to scenes of cruelty and blood. If the same infant had been reared among pirates, he would have become a pirate. If reared among Indians, he would pursue the chase, practice the war song and dance around the tortured and expiring prisoner, and shun the cultivated fields and haunts of civilized life. He could be brought up to any course of life, and made to assume any character, by education and habit.

These facts are not only self-evident, but are confirmed by ages of experience. And the wise man asserts the same, when he declares, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

As the child then is susceptible of such various impressions, how important that a noble and correct direction should be given to his thoughts and inclinations. We should warn him to avoid the society of the dissolute and abandoned, and exhort him in the language of holy writ—'My son, walk not thou in the way with transgressors; refrain thy foot from their path.

As the character of our children is to be wholly formed from the impressions made upon their minds by our words and examples, how much is to be deplored the conduct of many parents in using constant efforts to keep their children in subjugation by fear, falsehood, and deception. However trifling it may appear for me to notice some little incidents in the family circle, yet I must confess that they possess in my apprehension, too serious and painful influences upon the character and destiny of our children, to pass unnoticed. I cannot discharge my duty to God, and the rising generation, without bringing this erroneous system of education directly before the reader.

True, I shall notice trifles. But trifles often have a powerful bearing upon the destiny of children; yes, and upon that of men. Great effects often result from small causes.

Parents make too constant an effort to keep children in subjection by fear, falsehood, and deception. The child perhaps makes a noise about the room at a time when a neighbor calls in. The parent or nurse, without intending any harm, bid the child be still, and affirm that the gentleman will cut off his ears. The child having confidence in the parent, believes this. But the time soon arrives when he knows it is false—consequently it has two very unhappy effects upon the child by the parent's long persisting in it. It has made him cowardly, by subjecting him to be the dupe of unreal and imaginary fears, and has learned him to lie at the same time—and he will soon practice the example by a disregard of truth. The parent at length begins to pun-

ish him for lying, and expresses astonishment where he could have learned it! when in fact the child learned it from the words and examples of those who are now his punishers. This punishment hardens his heart and blinds his mind to the principles of justice. He cannot see the justice of being punished for the very thing the parent practices with impunity. Consequently the parent is training him to disregard justice in relation to others, and to exercise cruelty and revenge without a cause.

Again. The child does some trifling wrong—perhaps disobeys the parents in a trifling command. The parent tells him he is naughty—is a bad boy, and there is a bear or a black man in the chamber, and will carry him off unless he is a better boy.—He soon learns that this is a falsehood, and thus the parent is rapidly finishing his child's education to practice falsehood, and to be cowardly and fearful of imaginary dangers. He is training him for infamy. On another occasion the child cries; the parent begins to pity him, and says come to me; the child refuses. The parent says, come, see what I have got in my pocket for you. By this motive the child is induced to approach; when lo, the parent has nothing for him. The child is deceived, and thus he learns to practice deception upon others, and even upon his parents, and perhaps is punished for it. The child is sick, and to induce him to take some disagreeable medicine, or bitter herb, the parent tastes of it, smacks his lips, and tells him it is very good and sweet. The child takes it, and finds himself grossly imposed upon and deceived by the falsehood and deception of the parent, and thus learns to impose upon and deceive others by the most barefaced falsehoods, for which he must again smart under the rod. Thus he is taught, by word and example, falsehood, deception, injustice and cruelty.

The child coming into existence totally ignorant can know nothing but what its parents teach. And then how unjust to lie to, deceive, impose upon, and defraud the child, and punish him for practicing the same, as though he might have known better, and practiced differently from what he was taught.

True, the parent may tell him to do better; but what do words avail, when he knows the parent sets a different example? What avails theory to a child, when the parent will not practice it? What avails punishing children for profane swearing, or telling them it is wrong, when one or both parents continually practice it in their hearing? Such punishment only hardens them in crime, and teaches them to treat others with the same impropriety of conduct.

But we have not yet come to the most dark and lamentable shades in the picture of family government, and its damning influence upon the disposition of children, and consequently upon the public morals. And here I will introduce a point which may be new to many.

There is no fact more clearly substantiated than that the brain is the immediate seat of the intellect—the only organ through which the spirit or mind acts. There is no such thing as seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling or feeling, except in the brain.

As to the first four of these there can be no dispute. The organs of sight, hearing, smell and taste, are all placed in the head, and communicate immediately with the brain. Though all this be evident, yet many will suppose that the sense of feeling is not confined exclusively to the brain, but diffused over the whole system. This is not correct, and in evidence of this position, I would say—The spinal marrow is connected with the brain. In fact, the spinal marrow is but the brain continued. From this spinal marrow there are countless little nerves distributed over the whole system, so fine and so close together, that we cannot touch our flesh with a cambric needle of the finest description, without feeling it; and we could not feel it if we did not touch a nerve.

Now let a penknife be inserted between the joints of the back-bone, and the spinal marrow cut off, and the whole system below would be paralized, so that we could neither move a limb, nor feel any pain, even though our flesh should be cut or burned in the most horrid manner. And why is this so? Because the spinal marrow is the only medium through which the brain communicates with the whole nervous system. And as the cutting off the spinal marrow separates the whole system below it from the brain, and that ceases to feel, it is a clear case that the brain is exclusively the seat of feeling, as well as of all the other senses and passions, and is consequently the seat of the mind.

When we touch any substance, it is not the hand or finger which feels; but that touch produces a shock or vibration upon the brain, and thus it is brought to the perception of the mind, which is the only agent that feels, sees, hears, knows, or causes us to move and act.

As then the brain is the seat of all our feelings, passions, and various emotions, through the medium of which the mind is formed, how important that we should observe two things.

First. Be careful of the head of the child. How doleful the practice in which many parents and teachers indulge; that of inflicting blows upon the head of the child! A blow upon the head of an adult will often convert a gifted individual into a maniac for life. The child cannot bear so much as the man of years. How dangerous then the practice to which I refer! You may by one indiscreet blow convert your gifted son into an idiot, and lay the foundation for years of repentance and bitter remorse.

Viewing the subject in this light, and believing what I have stated to be true, I tremble when I see a parent a guardian or teacher inflict a blow or blows upon this sacred repository of the mind, the head.

Second. How important also it is that we should act upon those passions and powers of the child, which will render him the most noble model of human glory! There is in my apprehension nothing more clearly demonstrated than that each passion, disposition or inclination in man, has uniformly its particular seat in the brain. Hence, if the parent sets an example of cruelty and revenge before his child, and operates upon that passion more than upon any other until the child arrives to manhood,

then he will be a cold-blooded, cruel-hearted son, and probably a murderer.

The reason of this is obvious. If we exercise his feelings of cruelty more than any other, that organ of the brain which gives rise to this feeling, will be more fully developed than any other. Such a child will naturally make a cruel man. If you exercise his organ of benevolence, which gives rise to compassion, more than any other, then, as the child grows up, that part of the brain and head will be more enlarged than any other, and he will naturally revolt at the idea of suffering and wo, wherever he may see them, whether in man or brutes.

If we set an example of dishonesty in obtaining wealth, before our children, or teach them to steal or rob, they will pursue this dreadful course to get property. Or if we teach them to feel an overbearing and inordinate desire for wealth, that propensity will grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength. And they will naturally resort to any dishonorable means to acquire property.

Though you may not believe that those particular organs, by being thus exercised, will be more developed and enlarged, yet one thing is certain, that whatever is most strongly impressed upon a child by theory and example, will form the leading trait in his character, and that character will be almost unchangeably fixed by the time the body has become completely developed. Hence the same unhappy effect is produced upon the child, whether you believe it to be caused by the enlargement of a particular organ or not.

We see the effects of it every day around us; we read it in the history of other ages, and find it enforced in the scriptures. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

As the child will certainly form his cast from those in whose care we place him, and from our words and examples, and those of society around him, what an awful responsibility rests upon parents. Therefore, if the child is given to practice falsehood and deception, speak to him frequently, and with horror, of any who pursue such a course; and by precept and example, be very exact in avoiding falsehood and deception, and in practicing the truth. Let candor and open dealing characterize all the parent's dealings.

If he be of a hasty spirit, and given to revenge and cruelty, set before him an example of forbearance and moderation, and exercise his organ of benevolence, compassion and mercy, more than any other. Never in his presence take the life of the most despicable insect, nor suffer him to do it. Speak with pity, and in a melancholy and plaintive voice of the sufferings of the sick, and the miseries of all creatures.

> 'Dissolve his heart in tenderness,
> And drown his eyes in tears,'

as often as you can, and he will be a tender-hearted man. And this passion of our children should be more exercised than any other. Because a benevolent and compassionate man cannot be a bad one.

It is necessary parents should be as much so as possible, and avoid scolding or speaking in boisterous tones of language to their children. Punishment of a corporeal nature should be dispensed with as much as possible. Threatening and angry harsh expression should be dispensed with altogether.

In a word—if you wish your child to form a sound moral reputation, and be an ornament to human nature, then by precept and example set the copy before him in your daily walk and conversation. He is the soft wax, and your precepts and examples are the seal which will place an impression upon the wax which time cannot deface nor obliterate.

Speak to him with disgust and astonishment of those vices you wish him to avoid, and be careful to avoid them yourself. Then in the language of Solomon, 'he will not walk in the way of the wicked; he will refrain his feet from their path.' If we wish our children to be honest, prudent, just, merciful and benevolent, we must be so ourselves.

But if we wish them to be cowardly, deceptive, unjust, and liars, the course is plain. Persist in frightening them with bears and black men carrying them off—make them believe that if they do not behave well, that every stranger who comes in will cut off their ears—and if they refuse obedience, promise them something when you have nothing for them—tell them the most nauseous drug is pleasant and good to the taste. Keep up the family government with one series of such little deceptions, frauds and falsehoods—then if the children imitate the example set, beat them severely for it, and a good foundation will be laid to land them in infamy and disgrace.

If you wish to make them slanderers, criticise freely the characters of your neighbors; scan and condemn their faults—tell every scandalous tale you hear of their conduct, and you will easily accomplish the end. If you wish to make your child cruel, and give him an ungovernable temper, then scold him frequently and give him bad names; keep a rod laid up in his sight to frighten him, and beat him severely for every trifling offence, and you will certainly accomplish your task. Those children who are the most beaten and abused, are with few exceptions the most ungovernable and cruel men.

If you wish to make them what they should be, be merciful, indulgent, yet decided and firm in enforcing your commands. Never deceive nor defraud them. Never tell them a falsehood, nor alarm them with false fears. Let us coolly consider what we would have them to be, and then be that ourselves, and thus by our precept and example lead them to shine with moral glory and grandeur in the temple of virtue. And in after years they will rise up and call us blessed.

THE INFIDEL.

Original.

The inhabitants of the little town of Conklin were witnesses to a singular scene on the twenty-third of November, 17—. The sun had just looked over the large hills which rose cold and bare, at the eastern extremity of the town. The faded grass was crisped by the thick frost of the preceding night, and the ponds and rivers were encrusted by a thin sheet of

ice. The laborer had but just gone to his daily employment, and but few stores and shops were open. The wood-chopper was obliged to pause occasionally and thresh his hands, which became numb in the bleak wind which gently blew along the streets. There were not, however, many persons to be seen in the avenues of the town; although the smoke which issued in thick volumes from the chimneys, told plainly that the inhabitants had generally arisen, for those who dwell in villages and small towns, to their credit be it spoken, do, for the most part, adopt the farmer's wholesome habit of early rising. Early as it was, a motley assemblage was suddenly seen to emerge from one of the back streets, and slowly pour itself into the large square in front of the town-house. At first you would have taken them for a company of emigrants; but upon surveying them more narrowly, the countenances of their own townsmen were recognized by the inhabitants, who had crowded to their windows, to gaze at the unusual procession. Here stood an old man, whose brow was sprinkled with white hairs, and whose cheek bore the furrows of seventy winters. Near him was a young woman, whose homely attire, though clean and neatly darned, bespoke the extremity of poverty. She looked up into the old man's face, with a sad and anxious expression on her pale countenance. She was seen to clasp her hands suddenly, then to lean upon her aged father's shoulder and weep. At a little distance from this suffering pair, stood seven young children with their mother in the midst. She was a middle-aged woman, but the traces of suffering, the sallow hue of hopeless indigence, gave to her wan features an expression of age which did not rightfully belong to them. Her dress was a long gown of striped cotton, which was much too slight to guard her emaciated frame from the effects of the cold weather. Her shoes were thin, and her neck was hardly covered with a small handkerchief, that she ever and anon endeavored to draw over that part of her flesh, which was exposed to view. She was, however, perfectly clean, and her bearing that of a modest and virtuous woman. Her little children were more warmly clad. An old cloak, which evidently belonged to the mother, was closely wrapped around a sucking infant which she carried in her arms; while the less helpless portion of her family were covered with sundry coarse and worn-out garments. Her eldest son, a boy of fourteen, stood a little in front of the other children, with a piece of brown crust in his hand, reached towards his mother; and from his earnest look, and neck bent forward, it was evident that he was endeavoring to persuade her to take and eat the only remaining morsel which their wallet had contained. She was mechanically shaking her head, and motioning towards a small girl, whose hands were stretched out towards the bread, and whose loud hoarse cries, interrupted occasionally by a strangling cough, sufficiently denoted that she was crying for it. The eldest girl had an old broken chair in one hand, and a porringer in the other. A little boy, two years of age, was trying to climb up by her frock and peep into the cup, while the girl was reiterating to him that there was nothing in it. A boy somewhat older was staggering under the weight of a plain pine table, and occasionally putting one of his bare feet on the top of the other, to keep it warm.

Near this group were several poor men loaded with different articles of household furniture, looking about them with sad and desponding countenances. A number of women with bundles of old clothing, pails, tubs, and baskets, stood in the rear, and seemed disposed to rest themselves on the large, flat doorstone of the church. Altogether, there were about fifty souls in the assembly.

Hundreds of spectators were already regarding this unusual spectacle, and inly wondering what it could men. Our limits will not permit us to notice the various exclamations and remarks which were made by the lookers on, but we must confine our attention to the inmates of a large white house, with green blinds and gay porch which looked out upon the square where the wanderers had halted. There could be seen at the front windows of this imposing mansion, an elderly man of aristocratic appearance, his wife with her high fashionable cap, and two daughters, the eldest about seventeen years of age, while the other was considerably younger.

'Are those people going to set out on a journey, so early?' said the younger daughter. 'This is a shivering morning to travel in.'

'Who can they be?' ejaculated the other young lady, endeavoring to scrape some of the frost off the pane which she was looking through, in order to get a better sight of them.

'Do n't raise that window, daughter,' said the mother to the younger girl. 'Ugh! you have filled the room with cold air already. Shut down the sash, Maria!'

But Maria was too much engaged by something which had struck her eye to hear the command of her mother, and she suddenly called out—'Louisa! come and look! I declare there is the widow Bowen with her children, as sure as I 'm alive—and there stands old Peter Waterman—there is Betsey Bradley, our washerwoman! what in the world does it mean? Why, I thought they were some old stragglers!'

'What! what!' said the old gentleman, moving towards the window. But his remarks were drowned by the louder voice of Louisa, who expressed her wonder and astonishment with that emphasis common to young ladies on such occasions.

'I will call Betsey hither, and ask her what it all means,' said she. 'Betsey! Betsey Bradley! step here a moment.'

Betsey, who had been watching the windows of Mr. Ellwood's house sometime, was not slow in obeying the call.

'What in the name of wonder,' cried the old lady, no longer dreading the cold air which rushed in at the open window—what in the world is the matter with you all, child?'

'We have had notice to quit,' said Betsey, shivering, and dropping a courtesy.

'What! to quit the town!' exclaimed Mr. Ellwood.

The young ladies bridled, and began to suspect something wrong.

'No, sir, not the town. But, you know that old

Squire Sanford who owned our tenements in the valley, is dead, and his son'—she looked keenly at Louisa—'has—has turned us all out of doors, because our rents were not paid;' and here Betsey who had been scarcely able to get out so much, covered her face with a ragged cotton handkerchief and sobbed aloud.

Louisa blushed and cast a triumphant glance towards her father, who also looked towards his daughter, with a mortified air. Mrs. Ellwood was the first to break silence. 'The hypocritical knave!' cried she—'to turn people out of doors on such a morning as this! Has he no compassion for his fellow creatures? But, shut down the window, my darling—we can talk to Betsey through the window.'

'Oh, pa!' cried Maria, reluctantly lowering the sash—'can't we take Betsey in? There is the bedroom over the library. I am sure that'—

'You are a mere child,' interrupted the old gentleman, still looking at the houseless assemblage—'we have not room for all these people; and of what use would it be to give ONE of them an asylum? Now, if we could take them all in—but you know the thing is impossible.'

'Yes, but pa,' said Louisa hesitatingly, 'perhaps that if we took in Betsey, others would single out their objects of charity, and by that means the whole would be soon housed.'

'Your father speaks judiciously,' said Mrs. Ellwood, in that mild, self-complacent tone which some people use, to cover up the coldness of their hearts; 'you perceive that we have attracted attention already. The misses Clorinda, opposite, appear to be giggling at us already.'

'You are mistaken, mother, they are weeping,'—said Maria, 'I could cry too. I never felt so before in my life.'

'Ah well,' said the old lady with a sigh, 'how much misery there is in this world! Now, children,' continued she in a slow, mouthing manner, 'you see by this, how providence sometimes'——

'Betsey is still shivering under the window,' cried Louisa, who sometimes gave way to a burst of resentment, which heightened her color, and rendered her dark eyes as brilliant as diamonds—'your remarks would not help her, mother. I do say, pa, it is a shame! I will go out and lead her in—and see all those little children out there; and you care nothing about it, only because that good for nothing Charles Sanford has turned them out. You would uphold him in any thing, I believe!'

'You forget propriety, daughter, in thus'——but Louisa was gone. When the charitable girl had reached the porch, she saw another person conferring with Betsey, and she shrunk back, while lip and brow, neck and bosom, were suffused in a bright blush of recognition. She returned to the room.

'See! see!' cried Maria, running up to Louisa, as she entered, 'there is your Walter giving Betsey money, and leading her off to a shelter!'

Louisa, still blushing, advanced to the window. There she beheld an elegant youth dressed somewhat extravagantly, speaking to the shelterless sufferers; smiling, and bowing to the women, giving money to some, and cheering others. In a moment, he waved his hand, and passed on, followed eagerly by the whole company, who, with brightened looks kept close to the heels of their youthful guide.

'That 's nobly done!' exclaimed Louisa, clasping her hands energetically. 'See, father, Walter is leading them all to his own house!'

Mr. Ellwood could not deny that Walter had, in the present instance, shown a magnanimous spirit, although he mumbled something like, 'He 'll run out all his estate. He is a hair-brained fellow to do this,' &c.

Mrs. Ellwood joined with Louisa in extolling the goodness of the young man, and contrasting his conduct, in no very gentle terms, with that of Charles Sanford, the inexorable young landlord.

'For my part, I never thought much of these young saints,' said the old lady. 'Religion looks very well in an aged person, who ought to be grave and exemplary; but in a youth, I like to see cheerfulness, and open, cordial, frank, and unreserved manners.'

'Religion looks well in any body,' replied Mr. Ellwood peevishly.

'So it does,' said Louisa—'but a man may be religious at heart. He may show it in his actions, but make no public profession. I think this morning's experience ought to convince us that a man who makes no pretension to religion, can be more generous and more charitable than one who does.'

'With regard to religion, there are two sorts,' said Mrs. Ellwood, adjusting herself in her arm chair, before a bright coal fire. 'There is the religion which induces one to attend divine service on the sabbath—to be hospitable to the ministers of God, and to'—here she looked around, and discovered that there was no one in the room but little Chloe, who was hunting up the footstool for her mistress.

The spectators who had left their houses to gaze upon the poor people, hastily retreated, and the town was soon restored to its usual quietness; but many a garrulous old maiden was seen dodging about from house to house, when the sun had attained its meridian and warmed the atmosphere, to discuss the character of young Sanford, and tell the latest news from Walter's hospitable domain.

Walter Belden was a youth of twenty-three, who was early left an orphan, in the charge of his uncle. The uncle died when Walter had attained his sixteenth year, and left a large estate to his nephew, with a request that he would still continue in the large mansion, and not part with it on any account. Walter had faithfully obeyed this request of his kind uncle; although he had made such repairs and improvements on the building that if the old gentleman had come back to earth, he would scarcely have recognized the old homestead of his fathers. Into this house, he had taken the late tenants of Charles Sanford, and promised to use his influence with that young man, to restore them to their respective dwellings. Every one wondered at this extraordinary disinterestedness in young Belden, although he had always borne the character of a liberal and reckless fellow. But Louisa was in transports. If she had loved him before, she worshipped him now. Nothing could have taken place more opportunely to her

wishes. Her other suitor, Charles Sanford, was a favorite with her father; and, indeed, many young ladies fancied him. He was both handsome and intelligent; but his strict course of life, his occasional gravity, and honest bluntness did not, in the eyes of Louisa and her mother, give him any claim to the title of a fine gentleman. He was equally rich with Walter, and quite as learned. Perhaps he possessed a sounder understanding than his rival; but he was not such an adept in making fine speeches, and was less entertaining. Mr. Ellwood was completely silenced for the present. He dare not speak in favor of Sanford, now that every one was deprecating his cruelty, and extolling the princely beneficence of Belden. What then was the surprise of the Ellwood family when, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, young Sanford paid them a visit, and entered the room as unconcernedly as if nothing had occurred to lower him in their opinion. Louisa, who had always treated him with politeness, now very coldly returned his salutation. Mrs. Ellwood actually frowned, and her husband, himself, did not offer his hand; while the young Maria pouted and said, 'I do n't love you, Mr. Sanford, because you turned Betty into the street.' He looked a little surprised, but seated himself with his usual self-possession.

'A cool day,' said Mr. Ellwood after a considerable delay; but thinking that something ought to be said.

'Quite so,' returned Sanford, 'it is really uncomfortable on the road. I have just returned from L—. I have had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Mr. Locke, to-day. He was quite eloquent. Did you ever hear him, Mrs. Ellwood?'

'No, sir,' returned the good woman with a supercilious smile, and whispered to Louisa, 'I wonder if Mr. Locke said any thing about turning poor people out of doors in November.'

'Your tenants, sir,' said Louisa aloud, 'seem to follow your example. They have been travelling too, to-day.'

'Ah!' cried he, 'I am glad to hear it. I am glad they have turned out at last. My dear father continued them in those old buildings too long. I wish they had gone before.'

'Monstrous!' thought Louisa.

'He will never make the man his father was,' said Mr. Ellwood mentally.

'Mr. Belden has found house room for them, however,' said Louisa.

'Belden is a good fellow,' said Sanford with a sigh—'a HAPPY one too, I suspect,' and he looked meaningly at Louisa.

'Yes,' said she, 'virtuous actions generally are their own reward; and, if ever any body deserved to be happy, it is Walter Belden. He has made others happy, to-day.'

The large dark eyes of Sanford were, for a moment, filled with an expression of sorrow; but he soon turned to Mr. Ellwood and inquired for a dozen smart carpenters. But the old gentleman was not very communicative. He was held in check by the resentful glances of his wife and daughter; and Sanford, finding that something unpleasant had occurred, although he knew not what, soon took his leave.

'Who ever saw such assurance!' cried Mrs. Ellwood, as soon as the door was closed upon the retreating visitor—'to boast of what he has done, and glory in it, when he ought to be bowed with shame to the earth!'

'But, mother,' said Louisa, 'he has been attending a religious convention. No doubt he has brought away grace enough to cover a thousand sins.'

Mr. Ellwood smiled pensively, and said to himself, 'all is over with poor Sanford.'

At that moment, the bell rang, and Mr. Belden was ushered into the room. Mother and daughter both started. Louisa's eyes glistened, and with a countenance wreathed in her sweetest smiles, she gave the youth the easiest chair in the room.

'I have just seen Sanford,' cried Belden, 'he passed me in the street with the most woe-begone visage that ever I set my eyes on. The essence of all the holiness in the world seemed concentrated in his miraculous face. By the by, Louisa, that is a scurvy affair—this unroofing of gray heads and widows—what say you my little duck?'

'It only proves what you have often said,' replied she, 'that religion and morality do not necessarily go together.'

'Oh, the lust of gain, no doubt'—cried he, 'Sanford means to fare as well in this world as he undoubtedly will in the next.'

'Are the poor creatures comfortable, now?' said Mrs. Ellwood.

'Mother! how can you ask such a question!' interrupted Louisa.

'Why, so, so,' said Walter, in answer to the mother. 'But they are very much dissatisfied with Sanford. There is one man among them by the name of Johnson—'

'A very rogue!' said Mr. Ellwood hastily. 'I know him well. He breaks all his engagements, and squanders all his earnings in drink and debauchery. But I beg pardon, sir.'

'Well, as I was going to say when you interrupted me,' continued Belden, with an air of considerable importance—'this Johnson is very indignant at the treatment which he has received from the young saint. He says he has been bothered for rent sometime, and that Sanford's agent was quite uncivil to him. He also says he knows a thing or two about Sanford which would not recommend him to the church officers'—and Belden looked very sly.

'Pray what is it?' inquired Mrs. Ellwood.

'Oh, an affair!—'

'Monstrous! and he a professor to!' cried Lousia. 'Now, pa, what do you say?'

'I do n't know any thing about it,' replied Mr. Ellwood doggedly.

'I perceive,' said Mrs. Ellwood, looking kindly at Belden through her spectacles, and smiling like a sunbeam, 'that with all your volatility you are possessed of an excellent heart—'

'Pshaw, mother,' interposed Louisa, 'Walter does not want to hear any of your long sermons.'

'Let the old hen cackle,' whispered Belden in the ear of Louisa, 'I am all attention.'

Mrs. Ellwood went on, 'I perceive, sir, that although you make no high professions of sanctity,

you are, at least, "a doer of the word." Our Savior says that "not every one who saith Lord! Lord! shall enter the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven"—and, surely, charity is the brightest ornament in the christian's crown. As the worthy Mr. Cruikshank used to say—he was my step brother—you have heard of Mr. Cruikshank, Mr. Belden.'

'Oh certainly, certainly—I know what you were going to say; but I bring the matter all into the compass of these few words, 'Be virtuous for virtue's sake.' Now, whether there is another world or not matters nothing. If there is, we shall all know it when we get there. My plan is, to do well while on this earth, and let eternity look out for itself; and I believe no one will say that I am not a man of honor, and as good as my neighbors. He looked proudly at Louisa for an approval, which, of course, was accorded.

We must now leave Belden to enjoy the society of his Louisa and her garrulous mother, and convey the reader about a quarter of a mile, to the house of Sanford. The evening was far spent, and the young landlord was sitting in his private apartment, at a small table, on which was spread a Bible, opened somewhere in the book of Job. He sat with one arm leisurely lying across the book, his eyes resting on the grate, and his whole countenance betraying the workings of a suffering spirit. A rap at his door aroused him from his painful reverie. A servant announced that a stranger was below who desired to speak with him. 'Show him up,' said the young man. In a moment a peasant entered the room, and with a bashful air took the seat which was handed to him.

'I do n't know,' said the stranger, 'but that I am come on a very strange errand,' and he hesitated.

'Make yourself perfectly easy,' said Sanford. 'I presume there are stranger things in the world than your errand. Take your own time, and speak at your leisure.'

'Well, sir—ahem!' and he was silent. The youth poured out a glass of cider and presented it, asked a little about the news of the day, and the peasant's confidence revived.

'I am really afraid that you will think me very rude and unreasonable,' said the man.

'I trust you have not come to ask for my head,' said Sanford laughing. 'If not, be assured there is no harm. I am certainly prepared to hear something very remarkable.'

'Well, sir,' said the other with desperate resolution, 'I have a child that is very miserable—very—sick.'

'Oh, is that it?' said the youth taking out his purse—'you want me to—'

'No, no, not that,' said the other motioning back the money with his hand. 'She is a poor girl who goes out to service, and is certainly beneath your notice.'

'My master did not think the poor beneath his notice,' said Sanford gravely—'I will do any thing that lies in my power to contribute to her recovery.'

'Are you engaged to any young lady?' inquired the peasant.

This was touching on a sore place, and a tinge of red shot up to the very eyes of the youth; but, supposing the man to be deranged, he stared at him as he made answer, 'I am not engaged, sir, to any woman; but pray what bearing can that question have upon the case in hand?'

'Pardon, me, sir, if I have offended you. I thought it would be so. Oh! my poor child! what will become of you? I shall be left alone in the wide world, and no hand will be near to close my eyes, when I go to my long home. Poor, dear Caroline!' and the old man gave vent to a burst of grief so violent that the youth feared he would expire on the spot.

Deeply affected, Sanford begged him to be comforted, and said he would send his physician immediately to the poor girl.

'You are the only physician that can heal her,' cried the father, at length rendered desperate. 'It is for you that she has pined in secret for seven long months, and I knew nothing of it, until this very day discovered by accident the whole truth.'

A thrill of wonder and delight ran through the veins of the young man, for he felt that it was in his power to make an innocent, suffering fellow being happy. He was on the point of sealing the compact at once; but judgment stepped in, and he simply said, 'I will go with you immediately.'

In a moment, the farmer and Sanford were pursuing their way towards the cottage of the former.

'Father, have you come?' said a faint but melodious voice, which sounded like an angel whispering in the air, as they passed through the door. Sanford looked in the direction from which the sound proceeded. A light female form was reclining in a large easy-chair—a form so ethereal, so graceful, and yet so languid, that he almost doubted whether it was not a disembodied spirit that he looked upon. Her large intelligent eyes were full of sorrow, but her complexion was of the purest and most delicate white marble. Her small mouth was sweeter in its expression than any figure of mine can describe, and her lips of such richness that no comparison would convey an adequate idea of them to the reader. She recognized young Sanford instantly, and was evidently very much surprised and confused. The old man withdrew, and the young people soon understood each other. She told him that she had confided the secret of her love to a friend who had divulged it; but that she should never have allowed him to know any thing about her sufferings, if he had not become acquainted with them from another mouth. He found her mind quite as engaging as her person; and, as he had that very night resolved, though not without many inward struggles, to forget Louisa, the gentle Caroline seemed like the gift of providence to his bereaved spirit. It may be unnecessary to say that she rapidly recovered her health.

In the mean time the courtship between Belden and Louisa went on briskly. Belden, as usual, proclaimed his own virtues, laughed at religion and conscience, said that a principle of honor and a love of virtue was all the guide necessary to constitute a perfect character. Louisa believed so too, for she

thought him all that was great and excellent. She knew not that this love of honor and virtue must have fuel to keep it alive; she knew not that as man cannot bottle up the sunbeams to preserve them to give him light by night, so neither can he who acts upon what little grace he may possess, carry out a virtuous course through life, do well when it is his interest to do the contrary, and control his passions and vicious inclinations uniformly, unless he has a regular principle, derived from a higher source than his own fallible and inconstant will. She knew not that a man must aim higher than his mark if he would reach it, by the exertion of mere human strength; and that the soul can neither elevate itself nor hold its own, that 'every good and every perfect gift cometh from God.' She did not consider that true nobleness descends from heaven, and does not spring up out of the earth—that 'the breath of heaven must swell the sail,' or the resolutions of man would be found too weak to carry him safely through temptation. Thus, trusting to his own good disposition, Belden thought he should never feel disposed to err, and boasted of his own intrinsic excellence, which needed no assistance from the word of God. What was the consequence? Simply, that he had no principle at all. This world was all to him, and the gratification of his appetites, the fostering of his pride, were the highest points at which he aimed. Being naturally of a generous disposition, he would sometimes be liberal to the poor. He had money enough, and he could well afford to spare it. He felt not its loss. He was not the widow who threw her two mites, being all her living, into the treasury. He never hid his good deeds. We have seen him lead the houseless tenants to his roof; but it was in the face of hundreds. He knew that Louisa would witness the act of munificence which was intended to astonish the other beholders. But look at the inconsistencies of his self-sufficient goodness. We hear him, on the same day, broaching a most infamous scandal on the character of young Sanford. He had heard that Caroline was in love with him. He improved upon the tale, and gave out that Sanford had imposed upon her tenderness—or, he insinuated as much. It is true he did it thoughtlessly, (good-naturedly, he would say;) but would it not be believed just as soon, would it not injure Sanford just as much, whether the tale was told with a frowning or a smiling face? He did not think of this! Why not? Simply, because he did not care; because he had no principle; because his own feelings and inclinations were his guides. He might sometimes do good, and at other times do evil. For want of a steady and conscientious regard to duty—for want of a just estimate of the bright and glorious example of the Son of God, he was quite as liable to do one as the other. For want of believing in the high destiny of the immortal spirit---the purity and holiness of his Maker in whose presence he must one day stand, he was tossed about on the sea of passion like a helmless bark. He had no religious principle. He might be generous, like a dog, to one man; and, like a dog, bite another. He was of the earth, earthy; and his immortal soul was, like a brute, linked with the dust of the earth.

Yet, this was the man whom Louisa loved, and whom she looked up to as almost a god! About two weeks after the events recorded in the first part of this narrative, Belden and Louisa were returning home from a party. The moon shone brightly, and objects could be seen at some distance. Just as they had turned into the square, Louisa saw a young woman tripping along gaily, at a little distance, who looked very much like Betsey, the washerwoman. She called out to her. The wench turned, and Louisa perceived she had not been deceived.

'Well, Betsey,' said the young lady, 'where have you hidden yourself this fortnight past?'

'Is that you, mistress,' said the girl hastily coming up, and dropping a courtesy to Belden.

'Yes,' answered Louisa—'I have not seen you in some time. What do you do with yourself?'

'Why really madam,' returned Betsey, 'I have so much work on hand, scouring up the tenement and cleaning up after the masons and carpenters, that I do n't go abroad much.'

'What masons and what carpenters?' cried Louisa, completely mystified.

'Oh, did you not know, mistress, that we had all gone back into our houses in the valley?'

'Astonishing!' said Louisa, turning to Belden—'my dear sir, you did not tell me that your visitors were gone!'

'Yes, they have been gone these three days,' said Belden; 'they occupy their old tenements again. But, pish! let 's walk on.' But Louisa's curiosity was too much raised to admit of her dropping the subject so easily, especially as Betsey immediately replied to Belden, 'No, sir, they are not OLD tenements now. They have been fitted up, and new roofed, and made tight and warm and comfortable.'

'But Sanford has not done all this?' inquired Louisa.

'Oh yes, and a great deal more,' returned Betty, 'he has crossed off all our rent scores, and says we owe him nothing, but shall now begin a new year, and date our bills from the first of next January; so you see we shall live in the houses a month for nothing, besides the time that is past which we are not to pay for, though some of us owe him for six months.'

'Sanford acts very differently from what I suspected!' cried Louisa, looking in Belden's face with undisguised amazement.

'Yes, my dear,' replied Belden, 'but that does not expiate his offence—the turning of those poor people out of doors on a keen frosty morning.'

'You are mistaken, sir!' cried Betty, 'he did not do it. You see, Mr. Sanford had examined the houses and found them in a very leaky condition; and there was old Mrs. Doughty that had the rheumatism, and he said it was all occasioned by the water dripping in through the roof; and so he determined to set some builders to work, and put the tenements into first rate order, for that they wan't fit for no human beings to live in; and so he told Mr. Ashton his agent, to tell the tenants that if any of them could find a place to stay a few days, he would furnish up the houses for them. Well, you know, Mr. Ashton is a very hard man, and he was in a dreadful tease, because some of us did n't pay our rents up; and so

when Mr. Sanford went off out of town, what does Ashton do, but take hold of what Mr. Sanford had said, for an excuse to turn us all bag and baggage out of doors. I have talked with Susan Brewer who lives at Mr. Sanford's, and she told me all about it. So, when Mr. Sanford came home, the agent told him that we had all gone, and he said he was very glad, and paid you a very pretty compliment, Mr. Belden, for giving us house room until our tenements were repaired. But in the afternoon, Mr. Sanford went over to your house, you know, Miss Louisa'—

'Yes, yes, I remember, but pray go on.'

'Well,' continued Betty, 'on the way back he met somebody that told him all about how Ashton had served us. Mr. Sanford said he had understood that we all removed of our own free will; and then he perceived that the agent had given us no reason for removing us, but had turned us out into the street by main force. So, Sally says, that Mr. Sanford came home to his own house in a terrible haste, and he called up Mr. Ashton, and he talked to him like the thunder and lightning in a storm. You know Mr. Sanford is a very sweet tempered man, but Susan says she can now say that she has seen him angry for once. She says that Mr. Sanford looked as if he was going to knock Ashton right down on the spot; and you might have heard his voice a mile off, he was so terrible put out. And when he opened the great hall door and told Ashton to go about his business, and never speak to him again, he looked so awful that all the servants shrunk back for fear; because, you know, they never saw their master angry before. Susan said that as soon as he had turned off Ashton, Mr. Sanford went up to his room, and she could hear him pacing the floor backwards and forwards, for two hours, in such a terrible passion, that the whole house seemed to shake under his feet.'

'So you have got back, at last, to your old place,' said Louisa listlessly, and hardly knowing what she was doing.

'Oh yes, ma'am,' said Betty, 'and fixed up so fine too. The walls are new plastered and painted, and all that. You must call and see me, Miss Louisa, for I am not ashamed to have any body call and see me now; the house looks so pretty and comfortable, outside and in.'

Betsey departed, and Louisa grew very thoughtful. She perceived that Sanford had been injured, and some returns of tenderness towards him, (for he had been her first lover,) were about entering her heart, when Belden said abruptly, 'so you did not know that the tenants were gone back. Oh yes, they have all cleared out. But do n't give that cunning Sanford too much credit for this business. I 'll warrant that there is some trick at the bottom of it all; for I never knew one of your saints that could not make black appear to be white, and white appear to be black.'

Louisa did not so readily assent to this speech, as she had been accustomed to do. It was too shallow and too forced to impose even upon her infatuated mind. The sting of malice was too apparent to escape detection; and when she recollected that she had never heard Sanford speak against Belden in her life, she could not avoid contrasting the conduct of this hollow-hearted coxcomb, with that of her cast-off swain. She also reflected that while Belden loudly proclaimed his own good deeds, and made all the parade he could of his liberality, the course of Sanford's generous actions was like a still deep river, that pursues its noiseless way through a fruitful land. The traveller sees the fertile fields blooming in luxuriance, while the river which nourishes them is unheard, and hidden by its own fruitful banks. In truth, a revulsion of feeling was fast taking place in Louisa's mind, when suddenly Belden cried, 'Look, Louisa! there they go.' Louisa turned, and saw Mr. Sanford crossing the square with a lovely sylph hanging on his arm, who looked up with a face of love to her companion.

'That,' said Belden, 'is this immaculate Sanford and the servant girl. He has now become so brazen as to parade the public streets with his harlot!'

Louisa's face reddened with indignation. Sanford was again the sly hypocrite, the false-hearted recreant, the seducer of innocence. Did she not now see him with her own eyes! Did she not see that smile of confidence and affection, with which the ruined girl regarded the sanctified villain. Belden triumphed, and Sanford was once more an object of detestation. On the next Sunday, at the conclusion of divine service, the town clerk arose and cried, 'I publish the bans of matrimony between Walter Belden and Louisa Ellwood.' Louisa cast a furtive glance towards the pew where Sanford sat, expecting to see him overwhelmed with chagrin, and thunder-stricken by an announcement which gave the death-blow to his hopes of gaining her hand—but the clerk did not stop there. He went on—'also between Charles Sanford and Caroline Jenkins.'

It was now Louisa's turn to feel. She had never entertained the most distant idea that Charles could love any other but herself—she thought he was a captive chained to her chariot wheels, and that her present decisive step would crush him to death. But now, when she saw that he had not only preferred another before her, but that he had also wooed and honorably won the beautiful Caroline—that slander had wronged him on this point also—and that the base calumniator was the man to whom she had just been published, she would have given all the world to stay the course of things, and lure Sanford back to her side. But she felt it was too late. She felt that he was gone from her forever—that his strong and substantial virtues were destined to be the pride of another, and that that other would possess a husband as much superior to the chaffy and heartless Belden as gold is superior to dross. All these things passed through her mind in less time than we have recorded them; and before the clerk had resumed his seat, Louisa had turned pale as death, and fallen senseless on the bottom of the pew.

It was indeed too late. Before the two marriages took place, Louisa heard the whole story of Sanford's affair with Caroline from the lips of Mr. Ellwood himself, who had received the account from Caroline's father. Yes, she heard that the lovely though poor Caroline Jenkins had become enamored of the character and person of Sanford while he was yet a stranger to her—that Caroline had been brought to

death's door, by the power of uncontrollable, though innocent and virtuous affection; and that Sanford had not despised her for her poverty, but had loved her for her excellences—those excellences which wealth cannot confer or station give.

Belden led poor Louisa to the altar. With a countenance pale as snow and an agonized heart, the unhappy maiden surrendered herself to the disposal of a man whom she was fast beginning to despise. Yes, they married. Belden's innate love of honor and virtue did not prove sufficiently powerful to keep him faithful to the marriage vow. Late hours, gambling, and debauchery, (all of which Belden considered consistent with LIBERAL virtue and REFINED honor, taught Louisa that a man who cares not for God—who heeds not the Bible—and laughs at eternity, will hardly make a good husband. She pined away, day by day, and in two years after her union with Belden, went down to the grave, a broken hearted woman. Belden did not marry again. He had found a wife rather troublesome. His freedom of action was too much restrained by such an incumbrance; and now that he was once more at liberty, he gave loose to every species of indulgence. His wife was very soon forgotten, and her grave is without a stone.

Sanford married too. His treasure was in his own house. His brightest jewel glittered at his own fireside. A devoted, grateful, and lovely creature hung upon his arm when he walked abroad. He had no wish to roam. In his own sweet bride his whole affection was centred. They lived together forty years, when Caroline sought that other country where 'the roses are without thorns,' and eternal sunshine reigns. * * * *

About five years ago there were two old men living in Conklin. One of them was cheerful, happy, and full of love to God and his creatures. He seemed to look forward to the close of his life with serenity. No cloud obscured the bright prospect of a happy immortality. He looked back upon a long life spent in doing good to his fellow creatures and in the exercise of piety towards God. He felt that no man could say he had ever done him wrong. He had 'a conscience void of offence.'

The other old man had outlived the appetite for worldly pleasures. He was no longer capable of enjoying earthly bliss. But he had nothing to look forward to—he saw nothing but a fearful blank before him. He neither believed 'in resurrection nor angel.' He had not treasured up a single hope in heaven. His days had been spent in seeking sensual gratifications, and now that they were gone, he was left a hopeless, wretched old man. This was Belden—the other old man was Sanford. Whoever looked upon their countenances, would be convinced that the 'woful visage of Sanford' had shifted owners, and that the joyous face of Belden had been transferred to the cheerful, happy old christian—Charles Sanford.

IN matters of taste we may adopt the opinions of others, but we must feel for ourselves.

VERSION OF PSALM XLVI.

Original.

GOD is our refuge, and our tower of might,
A very present help when troubles rise;
Our souls oppressed by gloom, he cheers with light,
And dries the tears of sorrow from our eyes.
Therefore, although the earth, and sea, and skies,
In wild disorder perish,—we 'll confide
In Him, our Father, God the only wise.
He is our sure support, our constant guide;
Him we may safely trust, whatever ills betide.

The city of our God, the holy place,
In which dwell righteousness, and peace, and joy,
Is richly watered by the streams of grace;
It never shall be moved; nor aught annoy
Its blessed inhabitants; God will employ,
In their defence, his own almighty arm.
With them he dwelleth; and they shall enjoy
His presence,—subject to no rude alarm;
For he protects the place, and guards from every harm.

What though th' opposers of his kingdom rage,
And move the nations with their warlike call?
What though a fierce and bitter strife they wage?
Short are their triumphs, and their conquests small.
God uttereth his voice—before him fall
His enemies in terror and dismay;
Their weapons are destroyed; bows broken; all
Their spears are sundered; and their chariots gay
Consumed by flaming fire; their courage melts away.

Let men be still, and worship God alone;
He will exalt his glorious name, and show
The riches of his grace, and pardoning love;
Even to his enemies that grace shall flow;
Their rage destroyed, with love their hearts shall glow.
Let us rejoice; the Lord of Hosts is king;
He will redeem mankind from sin and woe,
And every creature to his kingdom bring,
While heaven's high arches with their loud hosannas ring.

L. R. P.

'GOD IS EVERY WHERE.'

WHETHER we look upon the starry concave above us, or upon the prolific earth beneath our feet, upon the bow of the everlasting covenant, or the fearful gleam of the lightning's torch, we are still impressed with this pleasing truth, 'God is every where.'

SIN.

Original.

WE know, all human experience will testify, that sin is the debaser of man; it is his greatest affliction. Place him in whatever situation you may, grant him the mightiest powers, the most splendid talents, the most gorgeous fortune, and magnificent retinue, yet happy he cannot be, while the servant of sin; its galling chain, and iron weight will be felt in his brightest hours; and when he most wants cheerful reflections, that is, in the time of sickness, when the body is prostrated, but the thoughts are active, then he

will feel the truth, that 'virtue alone is happiness below.'

MISSION OF CHRIST.

Original.

One of the great objects of the mission of Christ was to give us sure and rational ground of hope of immortality, that we might rest secure, and control our minds to the better performance of our duties to ourselves and society. He whose every thought is engrossed in speculations as to the probability of his being happy in a future state of being, cannot rightly discharge the duties of his station. To make his calling and election sure—to exert his utmost, according to the plans of men, to secure the favor of heaven, and a title to a place among the spirits of bliss, is the all-engrossing object of his career, and a fearfulness that he shall not do enough to merit what he desires, keeps him in continual torment.

Such are not the teachings and effects of Christ's mission. He teaches us, that our hope of bliss, after the dream of life is over, should rest only on the broad and everlasting rock of infinite love, on the eternal basis of the unchangeable goodness of Almighty God, who will ever have a desire to the work of his hands, and never permit them to be destroyed; and his religion calls upon us to offer to the bountiful Giver of these blessed hopes the tribute of unfeigned gratitude, by strictly discharging the duties of our several stations, and carefully consulting the interests of our fellow-men. He assures us that he came 'to deliver us from this present evil world,' by imparting an inward energy and power to withstand the promptings of selfish, momentary desire, the temptations to deviate from the path of integrity, by the dictations of 'the still small voice' within. He grants a noble fortitude to endure, to triumph over obstacles and difficulties, and supports us amid calamities, and puts the Christian song of victory into our hearts when pale death approaches.

But how few will receive the truths he came to reveal! To a vast number of the christian church the good which Christ came to confer, is far distant—in the veiled world. They will turn with scorn from the truths he asserts, that the rewards of virtue are in the acts; that the quickening energy of Christianity is, not to deliver us from the fires of a future hell, from torments in dungeons of despair, but from present evils, from the fires of unbridled passions, the hell of remorse, from the dungeon of the darkness of the evil mind, from unhallowed desires, and degrading appetites. His word imparts a high and lofty purpose to the soul, a healthy vigor to the mind, purity and strength to the affections, and makes integrity the all-animating principle of every action—the guide and companion to the execution of every purpose; and the Belshazzar hand to warn him when the scale of truth turns against him. As a system, his religion,

'Is always mild, propitious, and humble,
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;
But stoops to polish, succor and redress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good.'

Such being the character, purpose and design of Christ's mission, our path of duty is plain; 'fear God and keep his commandments is the whole duty of man.'

Fly not from an outward, but from an inward hell—seek not to find an outward, but an inward deliverer in the Saviour—a purifier of the heart, and elevator of the mind. Seek to him for deliverance from the snares, temptations, and all the evils of this present world. Receive the adorable Redeemer as the Saviour from sin—obey his commands—rejoice in the blessed hopes of an immortality, 'where tears shall be wiped from off all faces, and sorrow and crying be known no more—where there is no death, and the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick,' but where in purest bliss,

A ransomed universe shall shout and sing,
Hosanna to God, and fair Zion's King.

MATTER OF FACT.

Original.

Immediately on leaving the brethren in whose company I came from Portland, having been to Westbrook, a town adjoining, to attend the meeting of the Cumberland and Oxford Association of Universalists, I met an old friend and acquaintance who believes in the doctrine of endless misery, when the following conversation took place. By way of distinction, I shall call him an opposer:

Opposer. Who were those in company with you this morning, friend Smith? They looked like ministers; and from their equipage I should judge them to be travelling preachers.

Smith. Those, Sir, with one exception, were Universalist clergymen. Their names are—T. Whittemore, A. C. Thomas, C. Gardner, Z. Thompson and G. Bates. We have just returned from the east, in the beautiful steamer Portland. We have been down to Westbrook, to attend an Association, and came up in the boat last night.

O. But were you not afraid to go upon the water in a steamboat. I should think Universalists would fear and tremble when exposed to the dangers of the mighty deep.

S. Afraid, no indeed. We had nothing to engender fear, but every thing to increase our confidence. The boat is new and strong, and every way fitted for the object to which she is devoted. She moves through the water with ease, and so little commotion is there on board, that one would scarcely imagine himself to be on board of a vessel. Besides, the officers well understand their business. They are men who have traversed the mighty deep for years; and they not only understand the management of their craft, and follow the dictates of sound and matured judgment, but are exceedingly polite and attentive to their passengers. The captain I know to be a man in whom confidence may be placed with safety, and who will manage affairs with discretion in times of trouble and peril. I was with him in a severe gale, and his courage and self-possession in the hour of danger were the topics of general remark by all the

passengers, and there were more than one hundred on board the boat. Further. We were sensible that the Governor of the world—he who holds in his hand the reins of universal government, and stands at the helm of the universe, was with us. In his care we felt entirely safe. He has promised to bless and protect his children. We claim to be his offspring, and look to him for protection. With the cheering views we entertain of God's character and government, we could adopt with truth and propriety the language of the poet:

'Our God has given his word,
To save our souls from death,
And we can trust the Lord
To keep our mortal breath;
We 'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
He calls us home.'

O. You tell a very fair story, and so do all Universalists. But what kind of a time did you have at Westbrook? Did you find any Universalists there?

S. Yes. There were a great many. They came from the east, west, north and south, and sat down in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and enjoyed a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Many were there who have recently embraced the truth, and are now rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. There are two Universalist societies in Westbrook, each of whom enjoy stated preaching. A large collection of people attended the Association, and listened with devout attention to all the services. Ministering brethren were present from the most distant parts of Maine, and brought with them the cheering intelligence of the rapid spread and permanent establishment of Universalism. And that you know that our friends are zealously affected in a good thing, it is only needful to state that some came more than one hundred miles for the express purpose of attending the Association, having no other object in view.

O. Do you suppose they were compensated for their trouble?

S. Certainly. We had a glorious out-pouring of the spirit of truth. The presence of the Lord was in our midst. There was preaching, praying, singing and exhortations; and all was carried on with the spirit and understanding also, and many of the believers in your doctrine were there, and joined in the singing, said amen, and wept tears of joy, while some of the brethren gave the word of exhortation. It reminded me of some of the meetings I have attended among the Methodists, Baptists, and Christians, when the doctrine of eternal death was neither named nor thought of. The believers in that place are all alive, and did every thing in their power for our comfort and convenience. The Lord bless and prosper them.

O. I do n't know what the world is coming to if Universalists have come to this. It beats every thing I ever heard of. What! Universalists pray and exhort and sing so as to make even the orthodox join with them, and say amen! What is the world coming to!

S. What is the world coming to, brother! it is coming to a knowledge of the truth, and to the enjoyment of religion. You have the right zeal. All you lack is faith. You now pray for the salvation of all men, but you do not exercise faith. Have faith in this doctrine, my brother, and you will then be happy in the contemplation of the final destination of all men.

O. Well, I hope your doctrine is true. If it is, I am safe.

S. No doubt you hope it is true. We have your best desires, and the secret prayers of all in your church for the truth of our doctrine. And if they are righteous as they profess to be, all men will be saved; for the scripture saith, 'the desire of the righteous shall be granted. And as it respects your safety if Universalism be true, you indulge a precarious hope. True, there is no danger of your being made endlessly miserable, but you are not secured from the destroying influence of your doctrine. While you can believe in wo unending for others, and not for yourself, reason may reside in your brain, but should you ever be driven, as many poor creatures are, to believe in it for yourself, wild fanaticism and religious insanity will be the consequence.

O. You Universalists have a singular faculty of turning things to your own advantage.

S. If you put weapons which are not carnal into our hands, you may rest assured we shall use them.

O. I cannot stop to converse with you upon this subject any longer at this time, so I will bid you good morning.

S. Good morning, Sir, good morning. D. D. S.

OBITUARY.

Original.

Departed this life, on Tuesday, September 8, Mrs. Helen Maria, the wife of Mr. Thatcher R. Raymond. In her was seen the affectionate and devoted wife, one who could participate in another's sorrows, and one who could reciprocate a husband's affections. Possessed of a truly lovely and amiable disposition, she was a favorite of all—her relations deeply lament her removal, but nevertheless are conscious that their loss is her gain; enemies were not known to her—but all found in her a trust-worthy and confiding friend. Many hearts go forth in mingled unison with the expression of this short obituary, and it is sufficient to say that she died beloved and universally lamented!

Angels have borne her to those realms
Where pleasures ever reign!
Where she is free from every woe
And free from every pain! H. E. B.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The unusual delay in issuing the present number was occasioned by the burning of most of the work at the fire in Devonshire Street, on the morning of the 1st instant. This statement will undoubtedly be deemed a sufficient apology by all our subscribers.

CHRIST, THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

COMPOSED FOR THE UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

BY REV. THOMAS WHITTEMORE.

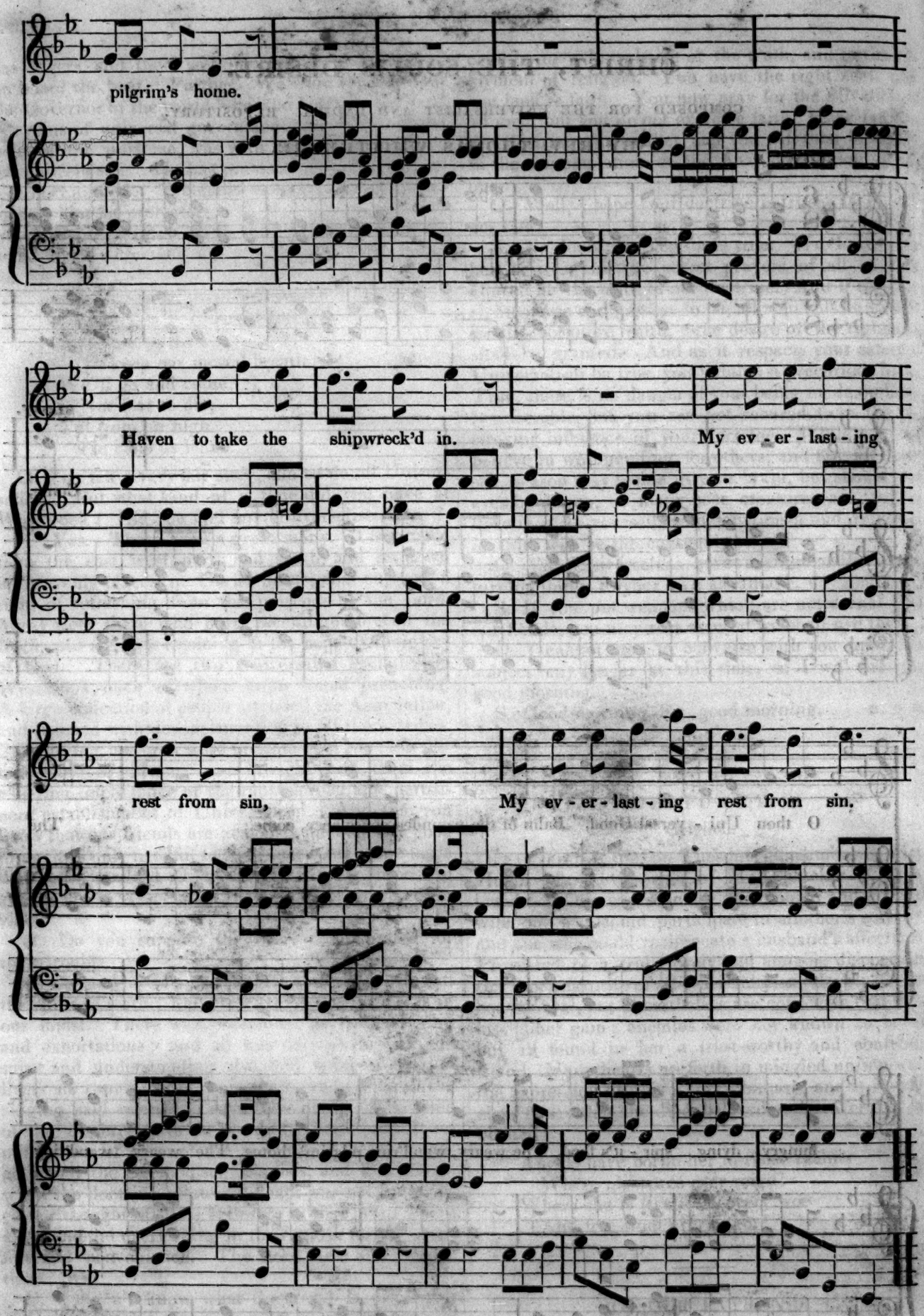
SLOW.

SLOW.

Come,

O thou Uni - versal Good, Balm of the wounded conscience, come; The

hungry, dying spir - it's food, The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home, The weary, wand'ring



Come, O, my comfort and delight!
My strength, and health, and shield, and sun;
My boast, my confidence, and might;

My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel-hope, my calling's prize;
My tree of life, my paradise!